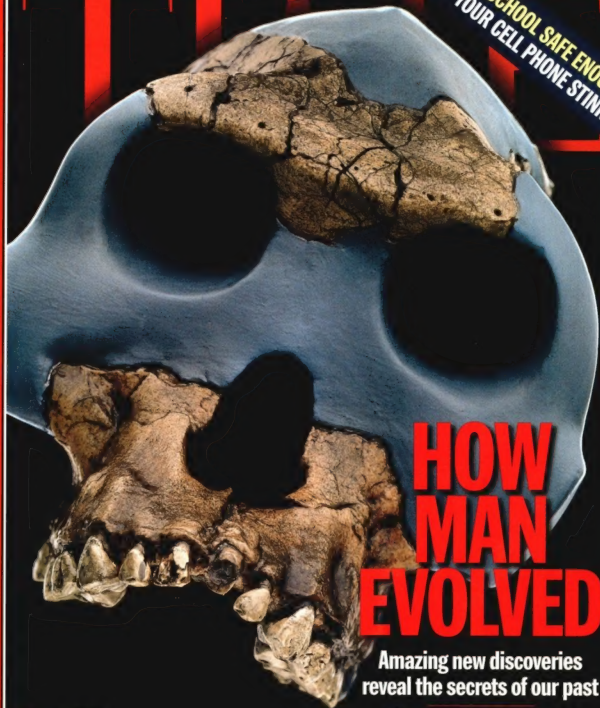


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A Twisty Evolutionary Road: Contemplating a newly discovered species in Ethiopia (see COVER)



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COVER: Photograph by David L. Brill. This 2.5 million-year-old skull of a new human ancestor, *Australopithecus garhi*, was unveiled in April. The bones are housed in the National Museum of Ethiopia, Addis Ababa



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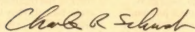
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Charles Schwab

Andrew Ferguson

Now They're All Ears

"Listening" is the trendiest posture on the campaign trail. It's a scam, of course

IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO THAT politicians talked at us incessantly. They were scolds, know-it-alls, flatterers, braggarts, blowhards, loudmouths, balloon-juice merchants—choose your epithet. They were in love with the sound of their own voice. They wouldn't shut up. You could gag them with terry cloth, wrap them in cellophane, dump them in the Mariana Trench—you could plug your ears with a Walkman and crank up a Def Leppard CD to 10—and still you'd hear the little tinny yap-yap of some office seeker promising cleaner streets, safer subways, cavity-free teeth. There was no end to the talking. It was inescapable, depressing, mind numbing. Those were the days! Now it's worse, much worse. Now they listen.

The paragon of this new phase in political non-discourse is Hillary Clinton, the nation's most prominent office seeker. But let's be fair. After all, she is only one of many politicians who have recently—no, wait. Let's not be fair. Like her husband, Mrs. Clinton senses unerringly the trajectories of American politics and manages with supernatural ease to embody them. Thus as she begins her pursuit of office she declines to become a campaigner. She has become a listener.

The barnstorming circuit she is currently making in New York State is even called a listening tour. By all accounts it's an odd event indeed. An audience of citizens

is selected and gathered before her. While she listens they share their concerns, speak from their experience, give vent to their grievances. "She wants to listen to New Yorkers in small groups," her spokesman has said, "and learn about the issues that matter to them most." In an amazing telepathy that even the great Kreskin would envy, these issues turn out to be the ones that matter most to Mrs. Clinton too.

It is all a sham, of course. But we can learn a lot from the con jobs our public servants deploy, and so it is with this new fad of listening. For Mrs. Clinton—and now we really are being fair—is not the only politician who is lending us her ears. "Listening" has become mandatory in a state-of-the-art campaign, regardless of the candidate's party or ideology. As he was preparing his campaign, George W. Bush made clear he wasn't going to be a chatterbox, either. "I need to go out and listen to what people have to say," he said, by way of explaining why he refuses to tell us what he has to say. At events in Iowa and New Hampshire, Bill Bradley enters the room and announces,



Bradley consults with a talking head



The Senate hopeful lent an ear during a visit to Jamestown, N.Y.

"I'm here to listen. Tell me your stories." Bradley says he is a candidate of "big ideas," but he has been too busy listening to describe them to us. You can hear some variation from all the men (and one woman) who would be President. As she began her run for the presidency, Elizabeth Dole said, "I want to hear from people. Then we're going to be laying out positions on all these issues."

But isn't it supposed to work the other way around? Give the earlier gasbags their due: annoying as they were, the pontificating pols at least stuck to the traditional democratic format. They talked; we listened. They presented themselves and their ideas, such as they were, and then let the voters choose—in the blessed silence of the voting booth. The arrangement seemed to work rather well, and allowed for such democratic necessities as leader-

ship, principle and the disinterested formulation of ideas.

Advocates of "listening" will of course defend it as a democratic advance—a sign that the politician has become an exquisitely tuned instrument, vibrating to every pulse that flutters up from his or her constituency. This might be nice if it were true, but again Mrs. Clinton's spokesman gave the game away. "The listening is the message," he said. What matters, in other words, isn't the listening. What matters is that people see you as you pretend to listen. This is not the good-faith tactic of a candidate in a democracy. In an illuminating coincidence, Hillary Clinton set off on her "listening tour" the same week that Queen Elizabeth decided to embark on a "meet the people" tour of her own. Like Mrs. Clinton, the Queen sipped tea with ordinary folk as her motorcade hummed outside, waiting to

return her to her life of splendid isolation. Like Mrs. Clinton she got a taste of life as her subjects lead it. The Queen was doing what queens episodically do, but so was Mrs. Clinton. The difference, of course, is that the Queen is actually a queen.



Bush gets the scoop at an ice-cream stand

"The listening is the message." —SPOKESMAN FOR HILLARY CLINTON



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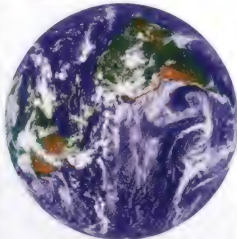
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LETTERS



Farewell, John

“John F. Kennedy Jr. chose to exercise and enjoy his role as a user-friendly celebrity and populist prince to effect public service.”

BEVERLY WETTENSTEIN
New York City

THE REASON MANY OF US ARE SO DISTRAUGHT about the tragic death of John F. Kennedy Jr. is not his name and good looks [JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999, Aug. 2] but the incompleteness of President Kennedy's term in office. Invested in J.F.K. Jr. were many of the ideas, prayers and dreams for America that were connected with his father. Deep down inside, while J.F.K. Jr. was alive, we wanted him to run for public office to restore Camelot.

SHEILA RAJU, AGE 15
Basking Ridge, N.J.

JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. WAS A FAIRY-TALE prince, a fun-loving humanitarian who represented a link to all that is good—and evil—in the U.S.

CHERYL A. WEINSTEIN
Scotia, N.Y.

HE'S DEAD! GET OVER IT!

PAT HARVEY
West Allis, Wis.

THANKS TO *TIME* FOR PROVIDING TWO of the most moving and informative issues in recent years. No doubt there will be many who will say the media have gone overboard with the tributes to and coverage of John F. Kennedy Jr. Maybe so, but people feel the way they feel because ... they do. There is no logical reason, no explanation. Through pictures, articles and commentary, the media help many people grieve over a loss such as this.

JULIE SUZANNE LANTZ
Woodland Hills, Calif.

I APPRECIATED YOUR FOCUSING ON THE positive, public-service aspect of the Kennedy family—and J.F.K. Jr. As a journalist, I'm especially concerned about the role of the press in this new age of “limbo journalism.” Media outlets are competing to win ratings (read revenues) by seeing just how far they can go in lowering the bar—without getting hurt—when covering celebrities. John F.

Kennedy Jr. chose to exercise and enjoy his role as a user-friendly celebrity and populist prince to effect public service. As his forefathers well knew, celebrity and politics are interactive contact sports. To get elected—and perpetuate the family legacy—the Kennedys are dependent on their partnership with the public and the media.

BEVERLY WETTENSTEIN, COLUMNIST
Dallas Morning News
New York City

IT WAS REALLY UNFORTUNATE THAT THE Kennedy family did not let the American public attend, via TV camera, the memorial service for J.F.K. Jr. We were denied the opportunity to marry our public tears with the private tears of the family we've loved and admired for so long. I thank *TIME*'s Margaret Carlson, who transported us to the service and allowed us to hear the moving eulogy that Senator Edward Kennedy delivered. Her report was a healing experience.

BONNIE BESS WOOD
Hammond, La.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE MADE A BIG DEAL OUT of the use of military resources to find the wreckage of Kennedy's plane and a warship to bury him, his wife and his sister-in-law at sea. But he was the son of an assassinated U.S. President. That justifies the search and burial. It was almost a public necessity that J.F.K. Jr., his plane and passengers be found, so that the whole affair could be brought to a close.

ERIC L. JOHNSON
Raleigh, N.C.

THE KENNEDYS ARE NOT AMERICA'S ROYAL family. Three young people died prematurely in a terrible accident. Their families are experiencing unimaginable grief. As a parent, I can think of nothing worse than burying one's child. Let us hope the voyeurism will soon cease.

ELLEN BERTKE
Rocky River, Ohio



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the winners of our
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The following are the lucky winners for June 1999:

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 - Make sure to follow the directions provided with your roof rack, as specifics may vary.
- Once your canoe is secured, strap yourself in—with a seat belt—and hit the road!

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THERAPY FOR THE SOUL, OR IDIOTIC JABBERINGS?



Many readers were deeply moved by Garrison Kellor's tribute to John F. Kennedy Jr. (Aug. 2). Kaye Garcia Morgan of San Antonio, Texas, wrote, "Just when I thought I had no more tears to shed over John Jr., I turned to your last page and began reading 'Goodbye to Our Boy,' which put words to my feelings. Kellor's piece brought closure for me." Mary P. Felter of Arnold, Md., said, "Kellor captured the sadness we feel at this loss." Erin E. Wiggins of Wilmington, Ohio, concluded, "There are times when a good piece of writing is blessedly therapeutic." There was one detractor, however: Patrick Danaher of Sacramento, Calif., who wrote, "Idiotic jabberings from otherwise talented writers such as Kellor simply prove that manufactured feelings and infantile public emoting have trumped any form of thought in this country."

The 60-Second Book

PRINT-ON-DEMAND TECHNOLOGY, WHICH allows a book to be digitized and printed out almost instantly in small quantities [BUSINESS, Aug. 2], will not only revolutionize the publishing industry but may also have some effect on the logging industry. Wouldn't it be great if Print on Demand cut down on overprints, thereby reducing paper production and destroying fewer forests? Perhaps there is hope that the technological revolution can undo some of the damage done by the Industrial Revolution.

LORENE PARK
Hartford, Conn.

Floral Badge of Shame

AS A FAN OF HBO'S *SEX IN THE CITY*, I read with interest critic James Poniewozik's article, which proclaimed that "Sex on TV Is Not Sexy" [TELEVISION, Aug. 2]. Poniewozik described a scene in one episode of *Sex in the City* in which sharp, successful, career-minded women fail to dive for the bridal bouquet after a wedding. Poniewozik said the women ignored the bouquet as it lay on the carpet "so as not to spill their champagne." But he missed the larger point and reduced these women to brainless twits, worried only about a dry-cleaning bill. Trust me, not one of them would have held onto that floral badge of shame if it were handed to her.

CAROLYN B. MEIER
Charlottesville, Va.

The Purity of the Ganges

THANK YOU FOR PAYING ATTENTION TO India and the growing problem of pollution in the holy river Ganges [HEROES FOR THE PLANET, Aug. 2]. Many of us Hindus are saddened to see how the Westernization of India is harming the environment and the many who depend

on it. Perhaps your article will open the eyes of industrialists everywhere to the price of their reckless pollution.

AMOL RAY
St. Louis, Mo.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, MY HUSBAND AND I took a boat tour on the Ganges at Varanasi. Alongside the biers, from which cremation ashes were deposited into the

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river, people were bathing, brushing their teeth and washing their hair in the river water. The bloated body of a dead cow floated by our boat. When I asked our guide if the river was ever tested for bacteria, he answered that since the Ganges was sacred there was no need. More power to activist Veer Bhadra Mishra and his campaign to clean up the Ganges!

MARGARET ANNE WALTERHOUSE
Indianapolis, Fla.

I Love New Jersey

GREAT ARTICLE BY JOEL STEIN, SINGING the praises of New Jersey [NOTEBOOK, Aug. 2]. Not only does Stein's home state, like Texas, have a distinct personality, but these two states may in fact have the same one. As a lifelong Texan visiting Jersey for the first time four years ago, I expected to feel conspicuous, alien and completely out of place. Instead I was quite at home—big hair, bad drivers, weird accents and an attitude that both mystifies and annoys folks from other states. When my husband next flies to New Jersey, I'll have him get me an I LOVE NJ T shirt.

DIANE M. YOUNG
Spicewood, Texas

A Monumental Judge

YOU DEVOTED JUST A SMALL AMOUNT OF text to the death of federal judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. [MILESTONES, Aug. 2]. Judge Johnson's contributions to civil rights were monumental. He should be remembered by every citizen for his stalwart interpretation and defense of the U.S. Constitution in desegregation cases, starting with that of Rosa Parks and continuing through many more. His work deserved more attention.

ROBERT G. BOGGS
Groton, Conn.

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TIME

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NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

"You're looking for me—I killed the kids in Los Angeles."

BUFORD O. FURROW JR.,
White supremacist, arrested
after allegedly opening fire in
a Jewish community center,
as reported by the FBI

**"It looked like the city
dump was in the sky."**

KIM BRAMBLE VALLES,
Salt Lake City resident, on
the sudden tornado that hit
the town

**"We have to raise the car-
rental tax as high as we can
possibly do it ... We have to
look at opportunities like
that to just screw them."**

JIM BRADLEY,
Mayoral candidate, Salt Lake
City, on how to treat visitors
to the 2002 Winter Olympics

**"In no way was I a hard-to-
raise, recalcitrant child."**

ADOLF EICHMANN,
Nazi war criminal,
complaining about his
parents in a just released
memoir

"Great brother"
the Chinese term for Viagra

Sources: Furrow, Bradley, AP; Valles, Washington Post;
Eichmann, Die Welt; Brother, Yangcheng Evening News



WHO COULD BEAT BEATTY? Ardent liberal Warren Beatty says he's fed up with Democratic centrism and is mulling a presidential run. Qualifications? He played a Senator! His wife played the First Girlfriend! Let the hype go into hyperdrive

WINNERS & LOSERS

VLADIMIR V. PUTIN

Peter Lorre-esque ex-spy becomes
Russian Premier. Don't unpack:
predecessor lasted 82 days

BRUCE BABBITT

Interior Secretary not indicted
after casino probe. So lucky, he
should celebrate in Vegas

MICHELLE AKERS

She's the first soccer player
ever to be on Wheaties box.
And she's a GIIHRRRRLLLL!

CHARLES DARWIN

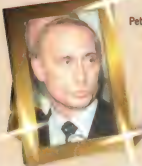
Theory of Evolution is not in Kansas
anymore. But it seems plenty of tin
men are

RUPERT MURDOCH

X-Files star David Duchovny is
suing Fox for underselling reruns.
Moguls vs. aliens, anyone?

PAULINE NYIRAMASUHUKO

Former Rwandan leader is first
woman to be indicted by U.N.
tribunal. And it's for genocide





FUNNEL OF FURY A freak tornado tore through downtown Salt Lake City, Utah, last week, ripping roofs from homes, toppling trees and overturning vehicles. In its trail it left one person dead and what locals estimate to be \$150 million in damage.

TAIWAN

What a Way to Ruin A 50th-Birthday Party

U.S. POLICYMAKERS ARE BETTING THAT THE latest saber rattling from Beijing, which includes veiled threats of military action against Taiwan delivered to U.S. think tanks and other outside China watchers, is an effort to pressure Washington to lean harder on Taiwan President **LEE TENG-HUI**.

Infuriated by Lee's abandonment last month



Lee Teng-hui

of the "one China" principle, China has been flooding pro-Beijing papers in Hong Kong with scare stories, as well as filling the skies over the Taiwan Strait with warplanes, in part to send a message to Taiwan's voters who will choose Lee's successor next year. The experts don't discount the risk that this psychological warfare could by accident erupt into the real thing, but figure Beijing has too much at stake right now, including an upcoming Clinton-Jiang meeting and a long-sought deal to get into the World Trade Organization. Moreover, an international outcry over use of force would spoil the People's Republic of China's big 50th-birthday party on Oct. 1. —*By Jay Branagan/Washington*

THE SPIRITUAL TRAIL

What a Long Shot Needs: A Friend in a High Place

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL **GARY BAUER** has a secret weapon against his rivals. Many of his supporters have been circulating a daily prayer regimen for a "prayerful pursuit of the presidency." Each invocation is targeted at a special challenge facing a long-shot aspirant, from the banal (travel efficiency) to the sublime (on Aug. 24, supporters are asked to fast "to seek God's will for Gary"). Calling for "Kingdom Impact Across Our Land," prayer partners are to plea that "the campaign team will lack gossip and false testimony. The Holy Spirit will protect the Bauer Team from deception and misperception." On another day, they will



Gary Bauer

pray that "Gary will be protected from the fiery darts of opponents, the media and opposition groups. Pray the financial, volunteer, exposure, credibility blocks in the campaign will be removed." To that end, another entreaty, for Aug. 19, titled "Campaign Funding," hopes that "Gary will value prayer over the presidency as the key to the presidency and the Father as the key to funding... We will see large numbers of gifts flow into the campaign this week." But not all the offerings are political. Supporters are also asked to pray "Gary and Carol Bauer will maintain a bright, strong flame of love for each other." —*By John F. Dickerson/Washington*

THE DRAWING BOARD



Cartoon by Mike Luckovich for TIME

21

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

By Kim Masters

How to Be Pushed, Gracefully

THE ABILITY TO MAKE A GRACEFUL EXIT IS PART OF A film star's repertoire—but it's rare among Hollywood executives, who tend to get fired with a blunt heave-ho, usually preceded by weeks of whispering. Last week, however, Arnold Rifkin managed it. Rifkin was the co-head of the William Morris Agency, and one of the industry's more colorful individuals. He's still colorful. But Jim Wiatt, the longtime co-chief of rival International Creative Management, is becoming president and co-chief executive of William Morris. Among the clients joining him there are Eddie Murphy, Sylvester Stallone and Tim Allen.

The 52-year-old Rifkin is getting the gate after a 25-year career fighting for the opportunity to take calls at midnight from anxious, obnoxious or overmedicated stars. "I've been retired as an agent," he says. "I'm no longer part of those wars." Lean and taut, Rifkin always stood out among his peers, which is saying something. Always in immaculate suits, he had waiters at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel restaurant bring him a special black napkin because he didn't want to get white lint on his clothes.

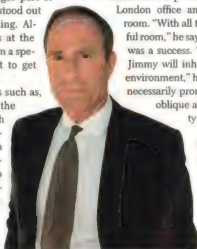
At the office, he was known for slogans such as, "Commit and execute." Concluding that the company's conference room had too much "negativity," he personally oversaw a redecoration, covering the chairs in Ralph Lauren sheets. About a year ago, he dyed his close-cropped brown hair platinum blond to make good on a bet. "Arnold," says DreamWorks principal Jeffrey Katzenberg, "is an original."

Rifkin, forever known as a former fur

salesman, was left to dangle as the industry buzzed for weeks that Wiatt would soon be occupying his office. On the Wednesday before the ax fell, Rifkin was dining at the industry cantina known as the Grill. A few tables away sat Wiatt and a client, director Renny Harlin (*Deep Blue Sea*). Rifkin leaned toward his lunch companion and asked, "You don't think they're still talking to Wiatt, do you?"

That Sunday, Rifkin got his answer—Wiatt was in and he was out. Rifkin is taking his ouster philosophically, and he's committing Hollywood heresy by being gentlemanly about it. He blames himself, in part, for losing the trust of William Morris management, including CEO Walter Zifkin, after his failed negotiation to run Columbia Pictures in 1996. He says he feels "no humiliation [and] no rancor." He's proud of bolstering William Morris' presence in independent films, building its London office and, yes, redecorating the conference room. "With all the jokes about my sheets, it's a beautiful room," he says. He also contends that the decoration was a success. "We created something that I believe Jimmy will inherit, and that's a very communicative environment," he says. "I don't believe Jimmy's culture necessarily promotes that, but he'll inherit that." The oblique allusion to ICM's reputation for disunity is Rifkin's only shot at his successor.

Last week Rifkin and Wiatt were back at the Grill, this time dining together as Rifkin publicly handed over the reins. Rifkin says he chose the most visible spot he could find to show how he feels. "This is not about Jimmy and me," he says. "This is about change. I've already moved on."



HERE & THERE

BARDS AND IN CHARGE Colonel General Leonid Ivashov, a hawkish Russian nationalist, has a CD of military ditties due out. Senator Orrin Hatch, a Utah Republican, has seven CDs out already. How do the lyricists compare?



"Where today is that land,
that taught us courage,
And that we loved so passionately?"

"So many different people
Live within this Land
We all believe in different things
But still we understand."



THE WAY WE ARE

BUTTER UP! Its biggest fan, Elvis, died 22 years ago, but peanut butter is doing fine. In fact, it's evolving:

- ▶ **Peanut Butter & Co.**, a New York City restaurant, offers such dishes as Ants on a Log: celery sticks with peanut butter and raisins
- ▶ **Russell Stover** introduced Peanut Butter and Jelly Cup chocolates last month, in grape and red raspberry
- ▶ **Jif Smooth Sensations** launched flavored peanut butters in July: chocolate silk, apple cinnamon and a berry combo



- ▶ **TCBY Treat Shops** inaugurated a new peanut-butter ice cream and a grape-flavored sorbet blend this spring
- ▶ **East of Chicago Pizza**, a 116-store chain, says its peanut-butter-and-jelly pizza topping is more popular than ever

MILESTONES

RETIRED. STEFFI GRAF, 30, unflappable tennis star, following a series of injuries; in Heidelberg, Germany. During her 17-year career, Graf let loose her uniquely brutal forehand to win 22 Grand Slam singles titles and take home more than \$20 million. Said the longtime No. 1: "I have nothing left to accomplish."



DIED. ANTHONY RADZWILL, 40, Emmy-winning TV producer and only son of Lee Radzwill Ross, Jackie Kennedy Onassis' sister; of cancer; in New York City. He and cousin John Kennedy Jr. were each best man at the other's wedding.

DIED. JENNIFER PATERSON, 71, plump TV chef and co-star of the high-cholesterol British cooking series *Two Fat Ladies*; of lung cancer; in London (see Eulogy).

DIED. LANE KIRKLAND, 77, president of the AFL-CIO from 1979 to 1995; of lung cancer; in Washington. As head of the federation, Kirkland fought to sustain the unions' waning power, in part by bringing renegades such as the U.A.W. and the Teamsters back into the fold. "All sinners belong in the church," he said.

DIED. HAROLD HENRY ("Pee Wee") **REESE**, 81, Hall of Fame baseball short-stop and captain of the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1947, when Jackie Robinson joined the team and began the historic racial integration of the sport. Reese's very public

camaraderie with Robinson was crucial in dissipating the ugliness that greeted the rookie. Reese led the Dodgers to seven National League pennants and, in 1955, to Brooklyn's only world championship. He retired in 1958, after a year in the Dodgers' new home, Los Angeles.

DIED. VICTOR MATURE, 86, handsome actor known for his barrel chest—and roles in epics like *Samson and Delilah* and *The Robe*; in San Diego County, Calif. "Mr. Beautiful" got his big break in 1940, after a brief appearance in *The Housekeeper's Daughter* generated 20,000 fan letters. But he didn't take himself too seriously. "I'm no actor," he told a country club that rejected him because of his profession. "And I have 70 movies to prove it."



NUMBERS



70 Percentage of day traders who lose money



11.5 Percentage of day traders who make a profit



76% Growth in membership of the American Association for Nude Recreation (AANR) since 1989



92% AANR members who are over 35



0 Number of AANR chapters in Alaska



\$311 Average annual reduction for middle-income taxpayers under the recently passed C.O.P. tax bill



\$7,520 The bill's average annual break for the best-off tenth of all taxpayers



\$25 The bill's average annual break for those earning less than \$13,300



1.2 billion Number of people worldwide who do not have access to clean water



6.8 billion Gallons of water Americans flush down their toilets every day

Sources: North American Securities Administrators Association; AP; Gibsons for Tax Justice; Kimberly-Clark Corp.

EULOGY

Obviously I shall miss **JENNIFER PATERSON** [left] and her fun, but one of the things I shall miss most is the fact that there is nobody now who realizes quite how bizarre the last four years have been. I think our producers thought two opinionated women in the same kitchen would bicker, and of course we didn't. From the minute we started cooking together we got on really well. And our experiences as the show became successful were so strange. In America we were greeted, much to my surprise, with great glee. At one point we were the fourth best-selling book in Los Angeles. They can only have read it for pornography, we thought—they live off lettuce



leaves! When we were at a lunch in Australia, there were these 800 people waving their table napkins around and cheering. I remember we looked at each other and Jennifer said, "My dear, I feel like a cross between the Queen Mother and the Beatles." When I last spoke to her she made a great point of saying if anything happened to her, I must tell people her liver and her arteries were in perfect condition. She said, "It's only the smoking that's done this." She told me once that when she was a little girl she wanted to be the lady in the pink tutu going round on the circus horse with all the spotlights on her. Well, for the last four years, she's had her circus horse.

—CLARISSA DICKSON WRIGHT, chef and co-star of *Two Fat Ladies*

"THE KIDS GOT IN THE WAY"

All the warning signs were there, but still Buford Furrow got his hands on guns and went on a rampage

By FRANK GIBNEY JR.

HE ALWAYS PAID THE RENT and never bothered anybody. His friends and neighbors say Buford O. ("Neal") Furrow loved children. He was a good pal to his stepson. A co-worker even insists that Furrow's kindness and reliability overshadowed the fact that he was a proud white supremacist. That's not unusual in the corridor that runs from the coast through the wilds of Washington State to neighboring Idaho, where tolerance and intolerance share a fragile coexistence. Nor should it have mattered that Neal Furrow had a familiarity with guns in a region where hunting is a pastime, if not a rite of passage. His parents live next door to Olympic Arms, a mom-and-pop manufacturer of gun parts, in the rural Nisqually Valley. Indeed, the thump-thump of artillery is a part of the audible landscape, thanks to a howitzer-firing range at nearby Fort Lewis.

Yet those who know Furrow well had been worried about him for months. Jailed after brandishing a knife at a psychiatric hospital, the heavyset mechanic had been on medication and living at his parents' home since his release on probation last May. His parents confided in neighbors



DADDY, WHAT'S WRONG? David Macalis, 3½, reunited with his father after the rampage

Clint and Bernice Merrill that they feared Furrow would crack. Loni Merrill, who has known Furrow and his family since the two went to junior high school together, recalls her mother saying just a few months ago, "I really hope Neal doesn't get a gun." He had seemed fine for a while, tending his parents' mobile home and staying there with his mother, who is suffering from the onset of Alzheimer's, whenever his father was away. But then on Saturday, Aug. 7, Furrow up and left. "I have to get out for a while," he told his parents. "I've been here too long."

Furrow headed for Los Angeles, carrying an AR-15 rifle, an Israeli-made Uzi, several handguns and stockpiles of ammunition accumulated over the years. He had apparently cased three Jewish institutions

in the city—the Skirball Cultural Center, the University of Judaism and the Simon Wiesenthal Center's Museum of Tolerance—before deciding their security was too tight. Then, three days after leaving Washington, he pulled off the freeway into the Granada Hills area of Los Angeles and saw his target. Police say he walked into the lobby of the North Valley Jewish Community Center carrying the Uzi and opened fire, spraying bullets in a sweeping motion from right to left, leaving a room filled with acrid smoke and more than 70 shells scattered on the floor. By the time he ran out the door moments later, a 68-year-old receptionist, a 16-year-old camp counselor at the day-care center and three children were wounded. "Just shooting like a maniac," says Victor Ruelas, 19, a maintenance worker who car-

Furrow may have acted alone, but the fear is that he is just



TIME

one of thousands who believe their mission is to act alone

ried the most seriously wounded of the children, Benjamin Kadish, 5, to safety. When told of the extent of the boy's injuries, Ruelas hung his head. "I didn't know he was shot in the back too."

After hijacking a green Toyota Camry, Furrow drove to the sparsely populated residential area of Chatsworth and spotted Joseph Iletto, 39, a Filipino-American postman making his midday rounds. Furrow

got out and asked Iletto to mail a letter, then started firing a Glock 9-mm pistol he had drawn from his back pocket. Hit by two shots, Iletto struggled to run away, but Furrow opened fire again, killing him.

Almost 24 hours later, after a 275-mile trip and an \$800 cab fare to Las Vegas, Furrow calmly turned himself in to federal authorities and allegedly heralded his shooting spree as "a wake-up call to America to

kill Jews." In a year in which mass killings have ravaged every place from high schools to stock-trading floors, Furrow exposed a new area of vulnerability: day-care centers. Furthermore, he refocused attention on America's geography of violent intolerance, one that emerged from the shadows after the attack on Oklahoma City and this time came out of the woods of Washington and Idaho, where a religion of hatred lurks.

FUELING HATE

Buford O. Furrow, says a friend, "was a loner with psychiatric problems" and thus "a perfect target" for Aryan Nations recruiters. A guide to their universe:

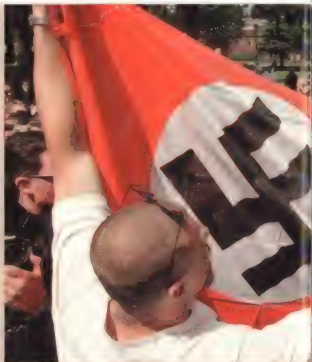
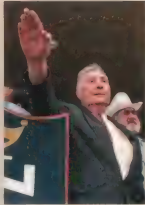
ARYAN NATIONS



Buford Furrow, right, at the Aryan Nations compound in 1995

CONNECTION Furrow is a member of this neo-Nazi group
MEMBERSHIP Founded by Richard Butler in the mid-1970s, the group has several hundred members. Recently, they have been courting skinheads by staging an annual youth festival
BELIEFS The group militantly advocates anti-Semitism and the establishment of a white racist state. Its "Declaration of Independence" states that Aryan people are absolved from allegiance to ZOG — the "Zionist Occupied Government" of the U.S.

Founder Richard Butler, right, at a rally last month in Idaho



Members of Aryan Nations in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, at a rally in July

CHRISTIAN IDENTITY

CONNECTION Furrow is said to have followed this pseudo-religious ideology
MEMBERSHIP 50,000 followers from many churches in North America, including many Aryan Nations members
BELIEFS Anglo-Saxons are the "chosen people" described in the Bible, and nonwhites are "mud people" on the level of animals. Jews are the "Children of Satan." A final, apocalyptic battle is predicted in which the chosen people will triumph over their enemies

PHINEAS PRIESTHOOD

CONNECTION Inside Furrow's van was a book by Richard Kelly Hoskins, author of the manifesto "Vigilantes of Christendom: The Story of the Phineas Priesthood"
MEMBERSHIP Not a traditional organization but a violent credo of vengeance. Extremists initiate themselves by committing "Phineas Acts"—violence against nonwhites
BELIEFS They oppose the banking system, interracial marriage and want to "root sodomites from the land"

"We are witnessing the end of civil society, a race-mixing

Experts who track that shadowy faith warn that anxiety over the approaching millennium, the power of the Internet and a new emphasis on independent action rather than group effort may contribute to a kind of domestic terrorism that is harder to track and impossible to anticipate. At its heart are an unknown cohort of largely disgruntled white males, many of whom, like Furrow, have failed

so many times that they've given up trying to succeed in the mainstream of American life. Spurred on by the rhetoric of a handful of racist high priests, they are turning increasingly to violence. Says Danny Coulson, the 31-year FBI veteran who arrested Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh: "They are basically a bunch of losers who have to find someone they hate more than themselves."

That about sums up Furrow. Acquaintances recall the son of a career Air Force enlisted man as a bookish, nerdy, chubby kid with few friends and a first name that drew plenty of scorn. "He would not be called Buford," says neighbor and classmate Merrill, who says Furrow preferred the name Neal. At Timberline High School in Lacey, Wash., she adds, "he was kind of like a shadow. He didn't make an impres-



that brought 90 members face to face with 100 who protested their presence



THE ORDER

CONNECTION Furrow lived with Debra Mathews, whose late husband Robert founded this now defunct group

MEMBERSHIP Mostly drawn from Aryan Nations, National Alliance and Klan groups

BELIEFS Goal was to bring about a right-wing revolution in the U.S. An 18-month crime spree in '83 included murder and bank robberies

Debra Mathews, right, with Butler's wife at a 1986 Klan rally

OTHER HATE GROUPS

NATIONAL ALLIANCE

Described by the Anti-Defamation League as the "single most dangerous organized hate group in the U.S. today," this neo-Nazi group has existed for two decades. There are reportedly 1,000 members. Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh was an admirer of founder William Pierce



WORLD CHURCH

World Church of the Creator, led by Matt Hale, is one of the fastest-growing hate groups. With a battle cry of "RaHoWa!" (Racial Holy War), the WCOTC aims to create an all-white nation and ultimately an all-white world. In July, a WCOTC activist, Benjamin Smith, went on a shooting spree, killing two and wounding nine



POSSE COMITATUS

An anti-Semitic, racist Identity Church group composed of armed antitax and anti-Federal Government vigilantes. They believe that government power is rooted at the county, not federal level and resist paying taxes. They have been involved in counterfeiting



Source: Anti-Defamation League; National Alliance; Posse Comitatus

society that must die if our race is to survive. ”

—Internet message posted the day after Furrow's rampage

sion." Still, by Merrill's account, Furrow was curious and bright enough to go on to community college after an aborted stint in the Army (he was honorably discharged because of a bad knee). He studied engineering and then landed a series of solid jobs, including a stint at a Northrop Grumman plant near Rosamond, Calif., 40 miles from Granada Hills, where the shooting was to take place.

And then, in the early 1990s, Furrow was drawn into a club that was perfect for someone who had never really fit anywhere else. He joined the Aryan Nations, an organization of neo-Nazi white supremacists founded in the mid-1970s by former aeronautical engineer Richard Butler near Hayden Lake, Idaho. Butler based the group on the religious doctrine of Christian Identity, established in Los Angeles in the late 1940s by an anti-Semitic rabble rouser named Wesley Swift. Christian Identity holds that white Aryans are the authentic lost tribes of Israel, the true descendants of Adam and Eve. Jews of the modern world, on the other hand, are impostors—the spawn of Satan's union with Eve. Thus Jews, in the words of Swift, "must be destroyed." All other non-Anglo-Saxon peoples are beasts, "mud people."

From that version of biblical history, Butler and a man named Richard Kelly Hoskins crafted an ideology that serves as a grim elixir of anti-Semitism and racism. While Butler is the center of the organization, Hoskins has provided a skein of quasi-scholarly justifications for the movement, covering history, economics and mythology. Hoskins, a former securities dealer living in Virginia, insisted in a statement last week that he does not advocate violence. Yet his book *War Cycles/Peace Cycles*, a copy of which was found in the van Furrow drove to Los Angeles last week, discusses the necessity of assassinating national leaders.

Another of nearly a dozen white-supremacist tomes by Hoskins is even more incendiary. *Vigilantes of Christendom: The Story of the Phineas Priesthood* urges followers to copy the biblical Phineas, who, in the 25th chapter of the *Book of Numbers*, kills an Israelite man for an interracial marriage. In return Phineas is granted the covenant of an everlasting priesthood, for zealously upholding the creed of his God. According to the current doctrine, Phineas Priests earn membership by killing or maiming homosexuals, Jews and anyone who is not white. There is no organization of Phineas Priests. In fact the order's conceit is that men act alone—not unlike the shooters in several historic

episodes, including the assassination of civil rights activist Medgar Evers—just as Furrow did last week.

Furrow steeped himself in the teachings of Hoskins and Christian Identity and may have believed he had a calling to be a "priest." By 1994 he had distinguished himself as a member of Butler's security detail at Hayden Lake, and he was courting Debra Mathews, the widow of white supremacist Robert Mathews, who died in 1984 during a 36-hour gun battle with federal agents on Whidbey Island, Wash. Mathews was the founder of the Order, a radical offshoot of Aryan Nations believed to be responsible for a series of bombings and murders, in-

headquarters. The only thing missing from the ceremony was a license from the state, an institution that the newlyweds (and their pastor) despised. Though she was against killing, Debra Mathews was deep into the Aryan Nations brand of Scripture. "When I told her Jesus was a Jew," says Meda Van Dyke, 82, a neighbor, "she blew her stack." Mathews also told Van Dyke that "she wouldn't marry anyone but a white supremacist." Furrow fit the bill.

Some former Aryan Nations lieutenants suggest that Furrow, who had always asked questions about Mathews' missing millions, had not married for love. Dan Villers, Furrow's boss at LaDuke and Fogle,

THE JOURNEY OF A GUN

Over the last year, Furrow pawned and redeemed guns in his collection, including the Glock he used to kill Joseph Ito. The same gun had a history that took it through a gun show, a source of weapons that Congress refuses to regulate.



JAN. 1996

Glock model 26 semi-automatic pistol, serial number BSM901, is purchased by police in Cosmopolis, Wash.

FEB. 1996

Police swap BSM901 for another weapon at a local gun store

FEB. 1996

The store sells the Glock 26 to the owner of a paint store in Aberdeen, Wash.

EARLY 1996

Paint-store owner gives BSM901 to a friend who takes it to a gun show in Spokane, Wash., where it is sold. Background checks or licenses are not

required in order to buy or sell guns at gun shows. Paper trail on BSM901 ends

AUG. 10, 1999

Buford Furrow, a former licensed gun dealer prohibited from possessing weapons after a December 1998 conviction for assault, kills U.S.

Postal Service worker Joseph Ito with Glock model 26, serial number BSM901



IETO Targeted as nonwhite and a federal worker

cluding that of Denver radio talk-show host Alan Berg in 1984. Mathews' gang financed its campaign of violence with a string of highly successful robberies that netted an estimated \$4 million.

Half of that money was never recovered, and according to some Aryan Nations members, that may have been a factor in Furrow's pursuit of Mathews' widow. In any case, he moved in with her in 1994 and took a job at LaDuke and Fogle, a machinery-repair shop in Colville, 50 miles south of Metaline Falls, Wash., where Mathews lived with her son Clint, 17. The following year, in a ceremony complete with engraved invitations and traditional wedding dress, Aryan Nations chief Butler married them at the Aryan Nations

says Furrow later boasted he'd found some of the money—once when it blew out of the eaves of a shed and again in the bottom of a survivalist food barrel. The loose cash may help explain how he was able last week to pay \$4,000 for the van he drove to Los Angeles and the taxi fare to Las Vegas.

Nonetheless, Furrow's brief stab at a stable domestic life faltered. "Neal wanted her to become completely submissive, like a trained dog," says Van Dyke. Though he was generally liked in Metaline Falls, Furrow drew the ire of locals when at one point, pistol strapped to his waist, he confronted a logging crew overseen by Van Dyke's son, asking whether any "n—" were working there. "Not today, maybe tomorrow," the crew replied scornfully. Debra Mathews

"I've been shot! Keep the kids in here and do not move"

was reportedly furious because her husband had "stirred up" the loggers, who thought of bringing their own guns in to work.

In late 1995, Furrow was laid off from his job in Colville because of a business downturn. Not long after that, he left Metaline Falls and began wandering from job to job. His parents, whom he visited regularly in the Nisqually Valley, far to the west, knew nothing about their son's affiliation with Aryan Nations, although they began to worry that he couldn't seem to keep a job or stay in one place. Police records show that aside from a minor traffic violation, he was never arrested for any crime, but he was drinking heavily, and acquaintances

It was only a single paragraph, but Furrow's error-riddled written statement to police that day spoke volumes: "I am a white separatist. I've been having suicidal thoughts. Yesterday I had thoughts that I would kill my ex-wife and some of her friends then maybe I would drive to Canada and rob a bank ... Sunday I was feeling suicidal and cut my left index finger to the bone ... Some times I feel like I could just loose it and kill people."

Now that he has, it is hard not to ask why nobody tried to keep Furrow off the streets or at least give him more than the six weeks of mental-health treatment he apparently received. He was released from

white race." Furrow himself said as much to the authorities. "You can say he was sick, but [the supremacists] gave him a focus for his sickness," says veteran cult watcher Rick Ross. "His involvement with the movement let him project his concerns outward."

Law-enforcement officials fear that the ranks of the disenfranchised are growing—and that they will be harder than ever to track if, like Furrow, men begin operating alone. According to the Southern Poverty Law Center, which monitors hate groups nationwide, there are between 35,000 and 50,000 adherents in 100 Christian Identity ministries. Even though supremacist rallies are often sparsely attended, Joe Roy, intelligence director at the Alabama-based center, notes that there have been 10 times as many episodes of domestic terrorism, including hate-based murders and bombings in abortion clinics and newspapers, as the 100 such cases that were recorded in the U.S. in 1995, when Timothy McVeigh bombed the Oklahoma City federal building.

After the shooting last week, the Internet was peppered with hate messages like this one: "Recent events should remind Jews [sic] that they are indeed an unwelcome minority in this country and should leave one and all ... let the killings begin!" According to Rabbi Abraham Cooper, associate dean of the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, the number of hate websites has ballooned from one to more than 2,000 in the past four years. "The Internet has been the greatest thing since fire for these groups," says Roy. "They can potentially reach millions now."

One man they won't be reaching is Buford O. Furrow. Currently being held in the Metropolitan Detention Center in Los Angeles, he could face the death penalty if he is found guilty of California charges of murder and attempted murder. He also faces federal charges for illegal-weapons possession and the murder of a U.S. Postal Service carrier during the performance of his duties. "There was always an aura of the macabre around him," says Furrow's classmate Merrill. "He fits the portrait of someone who would do this ... on the other hand, he doesn't at all." Furrow's one expression of regret last week: He hadn't intended to hurt any children. "The kids," he told investigators, "got in the way." —Reported by Pat Dawson/Metaline Falls, Julie Grace/Nisqually Valley, David S. Jackson/Los Angeles, Michael Krantz/Seattle, Flora Tartakovsky/New York and Dick Thompson/Washington



say he became increasingly unpredictable.

Furrow's downward spiral entered its final twist last fall. In late October, he took a 12-week leave from his job as a computer-assisted-design engineer at Northwest Gear, a maker of aircraft parts in Everett, Wash. Then he started drinking. One afternoon, in the depths of that bender, he tried to check himself into Fairfax Psychiatric Hospital. Babbling about having stabbed himself a few days before, he also boasted that he had a gun in his car. When an administrator took his keys and warned him that she would have to call the police, Furrow thrust a black-handled switchblade at her. It took a local cop three warnings at gunpoint before Furrow dropped the knife.

UNDER ESCORT The police guide children away from the community center in the aftermath of Furrow's rampage

the King County jail for good behavior last May, 2½ months before the end of his eight-month sentence for assault. Did he then begin planning where he would strike? Did he have help?

It is more likely—and in a way more disturbing—that he acted alone. The real question is, How many other single white supremacists are out there, blessed by the doctrine of Christian Identity and fueled by hatred and the pursuit of the Phineas priesthood? The Rev. Richard Butler of Aryan Nations told the Seattle Post-Intelligencer last week that Furrow had probably been motivated by "the war against the

until the police come! 77

—Isabelle Shalemeth, 68, warning others at the day-care center

IS **ANY** PLACE SAFE?

As kids head back to class, schools rush to install the latest security measures. Here's one of the best

By S.C. GWYNNE ODESSA

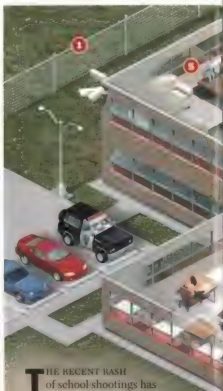
WHEN STUDENTS WENT BACK to school last week at Permian High in Odessa, Texas, they wondered what had happened to the place over the summer. Gone was their old wide-open campus, now surrounded by a security fence with controlled entry points and clusters of surveillance cameras. Inside the school, they had to wear bar-coded photo-ID badges, and in many classrooms, "black boxes" with mirrored eyes stared implacably down from the walls, above signs that read, IT SHOULD BE ASSUMED THERE IS A CAMERA INSIDE THIS ENCLOSURE RECORDING VIDEO AND AUDIO.

What had happened was that Permian, like thousands of other schools alarmed by recent campus shootings, had responded by clamping down on all sorts of security problems, from fights to theft, vandalism, graffiti and intruders. In an approach not unlike urban police clampdowns of recent years, schools have tried to create a new environment of conspicuous order and security. What school administrators, parents and students worry about most are potential copycat gun crimes, especially after it was revealed last week that T.J. Solomon, 15, accused of shooting six classmates last May in Conyers, Ga., had referred to the Littleton, Colo., shootings in a note left under his bed. And last week's

armed assault on a suburban day-care center in Los Angeles only heightened the sense that every place is vulnerable.

As a result, students returning last week to Allen High School in suburban Dallas found four new permanent, airport-style metal detectors and a sign (apparently not vetted by the English department) that reads WELCOME TO ALLEN HIGH SCHOOL. UPON ENTERING THESE PREMISES ALL CARRY-IN ITEMS ARE SUBJECT TO SEARCH. In Orange County, Fla., students who wanted lockers or parking permits for their cars had to sign a waiver agreeing to random searches of both and stating that they "waive any expectation of privacy." Instead of an old-fashioned fire drill, a high school in Williams Bay, Wis., carried out an extraordinarily dramatic exercise in the hope of showing students, teachers, police and paramedics what to do in case student gunmen storm the school: explorer scouts, dressed in camouflage and carrying rifles loaded with blanks, pretended to shoot the principal and take hostages.

Few schools, though, have tightened their security as thoroughly as Permian High. It has formed an alliance with Sandia Labs, based in Albuquerque, N.M., which has three decades of experience in locking down top-secret facilities that manufacture, transport and store nuclear weapons. Sandia started advising schools on security in 1991 after Congress ordered the labs to share the wealth of its technologies. Yet protecting a nuclear facility, says Sandia analyst Mary

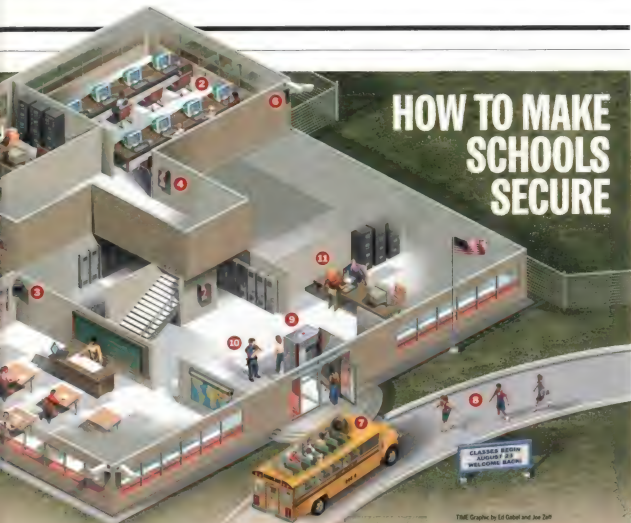


THE RECENT RASH of school shootings has made security a key issue. Sandia Labs is applying its expertise in safeguarding nuclear weapons facilities to prevent future incidents. Among their recommendations:

- 1 PERIMETER FENCE** Delineates school property and secures cars after hours. **Cost: Varies**
- 2 MICRODOTS** Tiny microfilm is hidden inside expensive equipment so that it can be identified if stolen. **Cost: 20¢ each**
- 3 CAMERAS IN BLACK BOXES** Two or three video camera systems are rotated throughout the school to monitor classrooms when requested by the teacher. The systems record audio and video. **Cost: \$1,500 to \$2,000 per system, \$75 per box**
- 4 "SCREAMER" BOXES** Transparent shields are installed over the fire-alarm pull stations. When the front cover is lifted, a very loud local alarm sounds, making it more obvious who is about to pull the actual alarm. **Cost: \$125 each**

“This summer we have had school boards putting together

HOW TO MAKE SCHOOLS SECURE



TIME Graphics by Ed Gebel and Joe Zolt

- 5 SWIPE TEST** School official can wipe a student's or employee's hand with a special paper (swipe). The paper is sprayed with a substance; if the paper turns purple, it shows there is evidence of the specific drug being tested for. **Cost: \$1 to \$3 per swipe**



- 6 EXTERIOR CAMERAS** High-resolution color cameras monitor the grounds to reduce vandalism and theft. **Cost: \$400 each**

- 7 CAMERAS ON SCHOOL BUSES** Cameras in black-box enclosures are used when requested by the driver. **Cost: \$1,200 each**

- 8 BADGES** Everyone on campus receives a badge and lanyard to identify them as a school member. Temporary badges expire after 24 hours. **Cost: \$12,000 for two systems, \$1 per permanent badge, 30¢ per temporary badge**

- 9 METAL DETECTORS** All people entering the school are scanned. Hand-held detectors are used to locate metal. **Cost: \$2,000 to \$10,000 each**

- 10 SECURITY PERSONNEL** A sworn officer, usually with gun and patrol car, or a security aide with a radio. **Cost: \$60,000 to \$100,000 (officer), \$15,000 to \$30,000 (aide)**

- 11 HAND GEOMETRY READER** Measures the height and width of fingers and compares the information to an internal database. Can be used in elementary and preschools to identify adults picking up students during the school day. **Cost: \$2,000**



ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

the most restrictive policies we have ever seen.??

—Diana Philip,
Texas A.C.L.U. official



DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT To enter Permian High, students must wear ID badges

Green, is in some ways easier than securing a school. "Nuclear weapons usually stay where you put them," she says. "They don't have a lot of civil rights, and they rarely stick six of their friends into their Camaro to go eat lunch at Taco Bell."

The Sandia folks have learned fast. By 1992 they were employing "hand-geometry" readers at a New Mexico elementary school. These machines, which record the unique features of each human hand, were used to ensure that children were picked up from school only by an authorized person. In 1996 Sandia mounted its first major overhaul at the high school in Belen, N.M. Using a combination of video cameras, drug-testing kits, metal detectors, mobile breathalyzers, ID badges and anti-graffiti sealants, Sandia engineered a 90% drop in vandalism and theft, a 98% decrease in campus intruders, 95% fewer car break-ins and 75% fewer fights.

Permian would like to see similar results on its 2,200-student campus. Like Belen High, it's a relatively safe school. But its administrators know that their counterparts in Littleton and Conyers thought the same of their schools. At Permian, Sandia is using both low tech and high tech. Student identification badges will not only immediately show who belongs and who doesn't

but also contain bar codes school administrators can instantly scan to show everything from previous tardiness and truancies to medical records. (The badges can be used to buy lunches and check out library books too.) Visitors receive high-tech badges that are good only for a day and fade to blank thereafter.

Outside the school, new perimeter fencing and cameras help control and monitor access to parking lots. Inside, tiny wireless cameras in black boxes will monitor classrooms. To safeguard such valuable school property as TVs and VCRs, Sandia has implanted each appliance with coded microdots that contain the name of the school and a serial number, which makes equipment easier to identify and recover. For the first time this fall, Permian will deploy drug and alcohol test kits, drug- and explosives-sniffing dogs and portable metal detectors for random searches.

Ironically, all this comes amid statistical signs of an overall decrease in school violence. A recent study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* showed a 30% decline from 1991 to 1997 in the number of students carrying weapons to school and a 14% decline in student fights. During the past school year, according to the U.S. Justice Department, there were

about half the number of school-related violent deaths as there were six years earlier. So how does this square with Littleton and Conyers? In recent years, violence has declined from relatively high levels in inner-city schools, which for years have employed metal detectors and other security precautions. But school violence, and measures to deal with it, are moving out to the suburbs.

Not everyone accepts that all this is warranted. "Over this summer, we have had school boards putting together the most restrictive policies we have ever seen," says Diana Philip, director of the A.C.L.U. of Texas for the northern region, which has filed several suits against schools. "A lot of them are in clear violation of the Fourth Amendment, which guarantees freedom from unreasonable searches." Before police can legally search

someone, they generally must have "probable cause" to believe the person has committed a crime. But courts have recently given schools wide leeway in searching lockers, cars and backpacks and administering drug tests even on a random basis. Permian High administrators, for example, periodically seal off hallways, order students to drop what they are carrying, then run the purses and backpacks through metal detectors.

Private security companies say they have never seen so much demand for their services by schools, which has some wondering whether chronically fad-driven school administrators aren't overreacting. Says Kenneth Trump, president of National School Safety and Security Services in Cleveland, Ohio: "We tell people to calm down and think. There has been an explosion of overnight experts and charlatans. Schools are hiring all sorts of people with no expertise in school security." It's understandable, though, given the recent headlines, that principals and boards of education would rather be accused of going too far than have to explain someday why they didn't do everything they could—even hire the guardians of the nation's nuclear weapons—to help prevent a bloody incident at their schools. ■

“We tell people to calm down and think.”

—Kenneth Trump,
school safety expert

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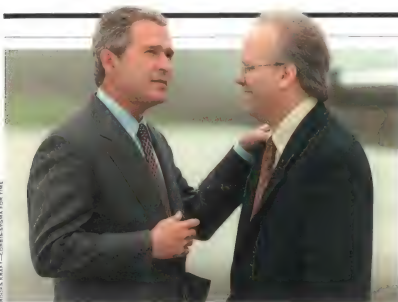
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Hey—Who's That Guy Next to Karl Rove?

He's the client, George W. Bush, who owes his Iowa win to a history-loving, manic strategist

By JAMES CARNEY AMES, IOWA



KARL ROVE DOESN'T COME across as a man on the verge of becoming the most renowned political consultant since James Carville. He looks like an owl (with fewer tufts) and has an obsession with history that seems quaint in the age of Jesse Ventura and Warren Beatty. The morning before last week's Iowa straw poll—which passes for a historic event at this infant stage of the presidential race—Rove's client George W. Bush spoke to supporters at a restaurant in Davenport while Rove lurked in the background, a cellular phone in one hand and a massive biography of Benjamin Disraeli in the other. What could Disraeli, the great 19th century British Prime Minister, possibly tell us about Iowa? For Rove, that's easy. Disraeli was a Tory who championed the common man, a "compassionate conservative" more than a century before Bush turned the phrase into a campaign slogan.

Rove's passion for history and its precedents sometimes exasperates Bush, who has been known to roll his eyes when his chief strategist launches into a dissertation on,

say, what this race has in common with the election of 1896. But Bush owes his phenomenal political rise—from a novice underdog candidate for Texas Governor in 1994 to the heavily favored G.O.P. front runner for President just five years later—in large part to Rove. On Saturday, when Bush handily won the straw poll, the victory was a validation of a risky campaign plan Rove devised late last year, after Bush won re-election in Texas. The "yellow rose garden" strategy kept Bush in Austin, and off the campaign trail, until mid-June—leaving him just two months to organize for an event in which other candidates had invested years.

But Rove's strategy has worked just fine so far. On Saturday Bush received 7,418 votes to Steve Forbes' 4,921. Elizabeth Dole placed a surprisingly strong third, with 3,410, denying to Forbes what he wanted most from Iowa: the perception that the G.O.P. contest had come down to a two-man race. There's a woman in it now. But if Bush goes on to take the G.O.P.

HUDDLING IN IOWA Rove's strategy of coming late to the state didn't hurt Bush

nomination and the White House next year, Rove, who at 48 is playing a major role in a presidential campaign for the first time in his life, will be anointed a genius.

"No, no, no!" Rove bellows, grimacing at the thought—or at least at the prospect of its being put into print. "There are a lot of people working on this campaign," he insists modestly. "I am just one of them." It is true that Rove is one of three fiercely loyal top aides, dubbed "the Iron Triangle," who have all been with Bush since his first campaign for Governor and who form the impenetrable nucleus of the presidential operation. And it is also true that Joe Allbaugh holds the title of campaign manager and that Karen Hughes, the communications director, is closer to Bush personally. But Rove is the intellectual and strategic heart of the campaign, the one adviser to Bush who, insiders say, is indispensable. "Karl plays politics like Bobby Fischer plays chess," says Mark McKinnon, Bush's top media adviser, a former Democrat. "He looks at the whole board and thinks 20 moves ahead."

Rove has been thinking ahead at least since 1973, when he was elected chairman of the College Republicans on a platform of inclusion against a more purist conservative. He won that race with the help of a young South Carolina operative named Lee Atwater, who went on to become the take-no-prisoners strategist behind George Bush's winning presidential campaign in 1988. When he became chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1989, Atwater advocated a "big tent" philosophy for the party. Rove pushed the same philosophy after he opened a political-consulting business in 1981 in Texas, where Republicans laud him as the key player in the Lone Star

State's final metamorphosis from a Democratic stronghold to a Republican one.

Rove, who first met George W. in 1973, designed Bush's upset of Democratic Governor Ann Richards in 1994 and then got the political world's attention by making sure that Bush's re-election margin in 1998 was an overwhelming one. The Governor got 68% (with more than 40% of the Hispanic vote),

which made Bush an automatic contender for the 2000 nomination. "Karl knew that a dramatic victory was the best way to launch the presidential campaign," says another Bush aide. "So he ran up the score." There is now a Republican holding

THE ROVE FILE

BACKGROUND Born in Denver to a geologist and a gift-shop manager
EDUCATION Political junkie, never finished college. Now teaches at the University of Texas
KNOWN FOR Electing Bush Governor and making Texas a G.O.P. state
QUIRKS Discouraging on history and unexpectedly hurrying into song

each of the 29 statewide elective offices in Texas, and nearly every one of them won with Rove's help.

Once an artful practitioner of negative campaigning, Rove—at Bush's direction—has stayed positive in both of the Governor's Texas races. But Rove still plays hardball behind the scenes. When controversy arose recently over the fact that Bush's finance chairman in Maine was an assault-weapons manufacturer, Rove made sure he resigned his post swiftly, and quietly. And when the bitter rivalry in the New York G.O.P. between Governor George Pataki and Mayor Rudolph Giuliani was looking like it might sabotage the mayor's chances in a Senate race against Hillary Clinton, Rove made it known through intermediaries that Governor Bush wanted Pataki to patch things up. The reason: an easy ride for Hillary would hurt Bush's chances of being competitive in New York against the Democratic presidential nominee. (Rove claims he did not broker the peace between Pataki and Giuliani, but two other sources close to the negotiations say Rove got the ball rolling.)

Despite Bush's dependence on Rove, the Governor's patience with his guru can be strained. "The Governor's life with Karl is one of continually trying to control his exuberance," says a campaign source. Rove concedes that Bush likes to tease him for his pedantic enthusiasms. "I am a constant source of amusement to him," he says. And occasionally a source of embarrassment. In 1996 Rove dropped his \$3,000-a-month consultant contract with the Philip Morris Cos. Inc. because Texas was engaged in a multibillion-dollar lawsuit against the tobacco companies.

He can also be an irritant to his boss. Bush doesn't appreciate the widely held view that Rove is the brain behind the candidate, and he has publicly reprimanded Rove for being too chummy with the press. During one rough stretch in 1998, according to other insiders, Rove was even barred from the Governor's office (a story Rove insists isn't true). But mostly Bush keeps Rove in line by keeping him off-balance, as he did last spring, when Rove's cellular phone started chirping in the middle of a high-level campaign meeting. The interruption annoyed Bush, who had asked Rove to turn his phone off during meetings. And so, after Rove left the room to take the call, Bush looked up and said, "Lock the door." Rove never got back in that day. But in Iowa last week, he was never far from the Governor's side.

—With reporting by Michael Duffy/

Washington

VIEWPOINT

Walter Kirn

President Bulworth

He's musing about going for the job. Don't laugh yet

THE ANNOUNCEMENT SPEECH MIGHT GO SOMETHING LIKE THIS: HELLO, MY name is Warren Beatty. I'm not a national political figure, but I've played one in the movies.

Such a speech became imaginable last week when Beatty, a backstage veteran of numerous Democratic presidential campaigns, refused to quash rumors that he'd been approached by unnamed Illuminati urging him to seek a spot on the national ticket. Citing concern over campaign-finance reform and a certain lack of zeal for supercentrist candidates Gore and Bradley (once considered the toasts of Beverly Hills, but if Beatty should run, perhaps just toast), the leading man whose most recent movie role was that of a Mad Hatter Senator, Jay Bulworth, threatened to inject color and charisma, and a dose of classic leftistism, into a thus far pale political season. "The political system is so corrupt, we don't really need a third party. We need a second one," Beatty said, affirming his faith in Jack-

and-Bobby liberalism and voicing a fear that America was becoming a big-money "plutocracy."

Warren Beatty—the people's candidate. A joke? In the age of Jesse Ventura, there are no jokes in politics, just long shots with varying chances of paying off. Knowing this, the media took Beatty's comments seriously, filling the papers with stories about a man who may, according to cynical observers, be perversely overqualified for the nation's highest office. He has not only made better movies than Ronald Reagan, but his legendary years of womanizing make Clinton look like a Mormon missionary and J.F.K. like a rural parish priest. A Beatty campaign, it seems fair to speculate, would have no jarring bimbo eruptions, only a flowing fountain of sexy memories.

Beatty was as surprised as anyone by the impact of his nonannouncement, telling a friend that he'd anticipated a 65% humorous reaction but had been greeted with only 15%. As Reagan and Ventura have proved, the only true measure of a candidate's seriousness is how seriously he takes himself, and Beatty has taken politics seriously for more than 30 years. After stumping for Robert Kennedy, Beatty strategized for George McGovern. His political influence crested when his friend and pool-party partner Gary Hart wiped the lipstick off his collar and twice sought the Democratic nomination. Beatty was single, Hart married and acting single, and their buddy movie ended abruptly. After Hart sailed off with Donna Rice into his private political sunset, Beatty remained friends with him while edging away from, though not out of, politics.

Beatty's passion for policy resurfaced with *Bulworth*, a movie whose depressive Senator-hero first arranges his own assassination and then, with nothing to lose but his hypocrisy, starts spouting truth-telling rap songs about corruption. Was Beatty's performance really a rehearsal? Famously cagey and deliberate, Beatty isn't talking. Yet. But seasoned Washington figures such as Bill Moyers, Lyndon Johnson's former press secretary, and Pat Cadell, Jimmy Carter's pollster, are already giving the actor a fighting chance at doing for grassroots liberalism what Reagan did for Goldwater conservatism. Skeptics abound, of course, but one crucial fact about Beatty bears remembering as the story unfolds. He isn't just an actor—he also directs.



Beatty's screen Senator did truth-telling rap

WORLD

RUSSIA'S

Yeltsin tries to bolster his status with yet another Prime Minister. This one is his heir apparent

By ANDREW MEIER MOSCOW

ON THE EVE OF A VISIT TO Rome last year, Boris Yeltsin chided a group of Italian journalists graced with a Kremlin audience. "It's a pity your Prime Ministers change so often," he said. "It makes things complicated..." Indeed. For a year and a half now, ever since Yeltsin began his ritual of sending his Prime Ministers packing on sudden notice, his rivals have spoken with solemn delight of Yeltsin's diminishing physical and mental state. Last week, however, when he fired his fourth Prime Minister in 17 months, even former loyalists joined Yeltsin's opponents in naming the culprit behind the latest beheading: *Agony*. The Russian word is usually

Churn And Burn

Furiously jealous and secretive, Yeltsin has fired four P.M.'s in the past 17 months

VIKTOR CHERNOMYRIN
Served faithfully but ineffectively; Yeltsin was still threatened
TERM
Dec. 1992–Mar. 1998

translated as agony. But it means death throes. "This is not just another shake-up," said a former top Kremlin aide. "This is the beginning of the end."

When Yeltsin sacked Sergei Stepashin last week, few in Russia were surprised. True, Stepashin had been in office only 82 days. But in his jealous protection of his waning presidency, Yeltsin has made the unpredictable predictable. His second move of the day, however, created shock waves. In a seven-minute television address that bade Stepashin farewell, in which his tongue and

PUPPET MASTER

eyes strained to find the words on the Tele-Prompter, Yeltsin named Vladimir Putin, a virtual unknown to most Russians, not only his acting Prime Minister but also his heir. Bestowing his trust in Putin, Yeltsin implored voters to do the same: "I want those who go to polls next July to be confident in him as well." Putin, a former head of the Federal Security Service (the successor to the KGB), accepted the call to duty with alacrity. "We are military men," he declared in his remarks. "The decision's been taken, and we will carry it out." It was exactly what Yeltsin wanted to hear.

Russia's embattled President rose early on Monday to greet Stepashin and Putin at Gorki-9, the presidential dacha outside Moscow. The hour—7:30 a.m.—meant Yeltsin was not seeking a casual convale. Stepashin and Putin knew what was coming; the shake-up had already surfaced in the Moscow press. Anatoli Chubais—an early Yeltsin ally—had even met with Kremlin aides on Sunday to argue that firing another Prime Minister now, with parliamentary elections set for December and a presidential vote next July, was a dangerous move

the sacking, the trio drew up a list of candidate-heirs. But in the end, there was only one. Yeltsin wanted Putin.

All summer the Family has kept a fearful eye on the forces advancing on the Kremlin. Yuri Luzhkov, Moscow's mayor and the chief (if undeclared) aspirant to Yeltsin's throne, has long been the Kremlin's top rival. In early August, when Luzhkov's party allied with a bloc of Russia's muscular regional leaders (once loyal Yeltsin vassals), Yeltsin was infuriated. The alliance laid bare how fast and far power was draining from the Kremlin. Luzhkov's courtship of Yevgeni Primakov, the former Prime Minister sacked in May, to lead his party in the Duma campaign further caused Yeltsin to fume. The Family fears a Primakov-Luzhkov pairing could take not only the Duma this December but also the Kremlin next July.

Stepashin, meanwhile, had turned coy about his own presidential ambitions. Like Primakov before him, he had become too popular for the Kremlin's liking. Over the weekend, as polls showing Stepashin pulling even with Luzhkov landed on Voloshin's desk, and militant separatists in

to introduce Yeltsin's chosen heir to her audience, asked Putin for "a few words" about his family, he gave her a few: "Wife, two children. Two girls, 13 and 14 years old." Curtness, colleagues say, masks his real nature. He's a tough guy, they say, but an enlightened, modern one. Still, in addition to a fondness for wrestling and judo, he professes admiration for the iron discipline of Yuri Andropov, the former KGB boss who ruled the U.S.S.R. in the early 1980s. On the 85th anniversary of Andropov's birth in June, Putin laid flowers on his grave at the Kremlin wall and cited Andropov's enduring popularity as proof "there's a demand for people like Andropov—honest, decent and tough."

For all his years in the KGB, Putin merited little notice among his colleagues. "He did what he was told," says a former high-ranking intelligence officer. Remarkably, in 1975, after getting his law degree in Leningrad, Putin entered the KGB and was sent abroad on his first posting. "It couldn't have been pure luck," says retired KGB Lieut. Colonel Konstantin Proobrazhensky. "He must have had family connections." As the U.S.S.R. unwound,

SERGEI KIRYENKO

The young reformer was dumped when the ruble sank
TERM
Mar. 1998–
Aug. 1998

YEVGENI PRIMAKOV

Got too popular with voters and too cozy with Yeltsin's rivals
TERM
Sept. 1998–
May 1999

SERGEI STEPASHIN

Fired for refusing to do the Family's bidding
TERM
May 1999–
Aug. 1999

VLADIMIR PUTIN

Yeltsin positions his loyal security chief as PM and hoped-for successor
TERM
Aug. 1999 and counting

that could discredit the Kremlin, the government and Russia in general. But Chubais was not even granted an audience with Yeltsin. His former place, that of the man closest to the presidential ear, was taken. In it sat Alexander Voloshin, Yeltsin's chief of staff and the public face of the clique of confidantes that now surrounds the President, an inner circle known in the Russian press as "the Family." The other core Family members are Yeltsin's daughter Tatyana Dyachenko and Voloshin's predecessor, Valentin Yumashev, a former journalist who ghostwrote Yeltsin's memoirs. Days before

the Caucasus reappeared on Russian TV screens, the Family gathered and Yeltsin pulled the trigger. "Stepashin made no major mistakes," says a Kremlin aide. "He simply failed to become the good dictator."

Enter Putin, best known for his anonymity. A slight man of few words, the 46-year-old is a veteran of Soviet intelligence. Though he is known to have spent 15 years in East Germany as a KGB operative, little else has emerged about him. Colleagues who have worked by his side know almost nothing of his résumé or private life. When a Russian TV interviewer, struggling

Putin returned to Leningrad and rose through the city system to national power.

Putin is expected to be confirmed by the Duma this week, but few give him a prayer of becoming Russia's next President. His appointment is less a strategic move in a long-range plan than a sudden turn taken by an enfeebled President preoccupied with survival. "The Kremlin's not playing chess," says Alexander Oslen, Russia's leading pollster. "They're playing checkers—they're living one day at a time." With the end of Yeltsin's second term 10 months away, the Family is beset by fear of humiliation, if not

This is not just another shake-up. This is the beginning of the end.

—a former Kremlin aide

prosecution. ("The Ceausescu scenario," a Kremlin staff member calls it, recalling the collapse of Romania's dictatorship in 1989.) Ironically, the gravest threat may be neither Luzhkov nor the Chechen rebels but a corps of Swiss prosecutors that has been probing allegations of financial malfeasance in the Kremlin, centering on lucrative contracts awarded a Swiss construction firm. Yeltsin is eager to ensure that whoever takes over the Kremlin next year won't be coming after him or his family. And while Putin may not survive in office long enough to become his successor, Yeltsin is counting on him to have the political muscle to shepherd the Kremlin's favorites into the Duma in December.

Naturally, the sudden ascent of a Federal Security Service boss

has raised the specter of unconstitutional moves. Inside Russia, Putin is known as an "ice-head" or tough hardened guy—not the ideal pedigree for shoring up the nation's rickety democratic system. But while Putin and Yeltsin could declare a state of emergency, disband the Duma or cancel elections, Kremlin aides insist that Yeltsin appreciates the importance of a peaceful transfer of power.

August is the cruelest month in Russian politics, a month that recalls low points like

the 1991 coup attempt and last year's economic collapse. But this August, Yeltsin's final one in the Kremlin, has been particularly unkind. The Swiss are still probing, while Islamic separatists drag Russia yet again into the Caucasus quagmire and regional chieftains from St. Petersburg to Tatarstan hunger for a bigger slice of the federal powers. Yeltsin's final year was supposed to be dedicated to dignified business: handing over the Kremlin to an heir sworn to reforming Russia. He may yet succeed in that improbable mission. But last week even allies were starting to believe that Yeltsin, cut off from the world outside and growing increasingly fearful for his own future, is holding his whole country hostage. He has named an heir, but he needs a savior.

A Nightmare War in a Remote Land

W E MAY LOSE DAGESTAN. Things are bad over there," ex-Prime Minister Sergei Stepashin said as he was surrendering his office last week. Bad they are: a new bout of fighting in Dagestan, a tiny Muslim republic of

2.1 million people and more than 30 ethnic groups in the Russian North Caucasus, is turning into a full-fledged war. In Moscow's political back rooms, there's fear it may evolve into something even more frightening: an excuse to cancel coming elections and clamp a state-of-emergency rule over Russia.

Just two days before Stepashin was fired, some 1,500 Islamic militants armed with Kalashnikov assault rifles, bazookas, self-

propelled anti-aircraft guns and armor marched into Dagestan from Chechnya. The move was the latest, most violent shot in a creeping war that has been ravaging Dagestan since Russia's invasion of Chechnya in 1994. Russian federal forces

have been continually engaged in action against Chechen raiders eager to see the coastal province of Dagestan annexed into landlocked Chechnya. The province is of vital

strategic importance to Russia, representing 70% of the nation's frontage on the oil-producing Caspian Sea. It's a nightmare war: Russian troops and Dagestani cops have also had to tackle local Islamic militants intent on independence, and ruthless criminal gangs armed with world-class weapons. But Moscow insists on enforcing

one law in particular: no secession from Mother Russia, even if the union has to be retained with Russian blood.

Moscow has more than 5,000 federal soldiers in Dagestan, along with nearly 300 pieces of armor, 50 pieces of heavy artillery, and 30 Grad missile launchers. "This force is as formidable as it is mismanaged," comments retired Colonel Victor Baranets, a military analyst. Says an eyewitness: "The troops have neither maps nor communication. They wear broken boots and mended fatigues. They don't have warm clothes or hot food."

But fierce fire fights in the Dagestani mountains are plenty hot. As the Chechens have become expert hostage takers, the area has turned into a no-transit zone for fearful aid workers, journalists and diplomats. Acting Prime Minister Vladimir Putin has vowed "to restore order and discipline" in Dagestan in 10 to 14 days. He

REMEMBER CHECHNYA? Russian forces watch for Islamic militants in Dagestan

declined to say how, lest the enemy be informed. But few think such a simple solution is possible. "This might grow into a protracted local civil war," says Baranets.

Oddly, that may be what Yeltsin wants. Wars in the North Caucasus remain in some eyes a credible excuse for imposing a state of emergency on Russia. Leaders of the Federation Council (the upper house of the Russian Parliament) indicated last week that they would be receptive to emergency measures—a plan that would allow Yeltsin to postpone elections and engineer a less than democratic transition. Hints of that fear were on display last week, as police tightened security around government buildings, airports and railway stations. Patrols clad in bulletproof vests showed up in the Moscow subway, and armor rolled through Moscow's streets for the first time since the end of the Chechen war in 1996. Dagestan's war—being fought more than 1,000 miles away from Moscow—was finally coming home.

—By Yuri Zarakhovich/Moscow





UNPREDICTABLE:
North Korea's
army marches as
the nation starves

Ready, Aim, Extort

North Korea's new missile is an ideal blackmail tool

ANY DAY NOW, NORTH KOREA IS EXPECTED to test-launch a ballistic missile that could finger the very outer edges of America. Which isn't to say that anyone thinks Pyongyang will blast Anchorage anytime soon, but just testing that kind of missile—and then putting it up for sale on the international arms market—is enough to make huge swaths of the world very nervous. It's a perfect set-up for high-priced extortion, and last week diplomats were struggling: Do we let the North Koreans launch, or can we buy them off? On the brink of collapse and with its people racked by starvation, North Korea's most successful business is one that involves pulling cash and aid out of South Korea, the U.S. and Japan in exchange for abandoning an arms buildup. Nobody knows just what "Dear Leader" Kim Jong Il and his comrades would do to save themselves and their regime. And nobody wants to find out.

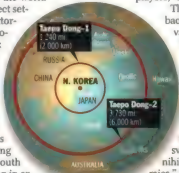
U.S. diplomats still hope they can scuttle this launch at the negotiating table. They've done it before. Pyongyang agreed to abandon plans to convert nuclear-reactor fuel into nuclear weaponry when the U.S. and Japan agreed to pay for oil imports and build two new reactors. And South Korea's President Kim Dae Jung has embarked on a policy of engagement, offering food and investment from South Korean companies. As thanks, North Korea has

sent fishing boats into South Korean waters and provoked a naval clash (Seoul's forces sank one ship), dispatched a suspected spy vessel into Japan's seas (Japanese self-defense forces opened fire for the first time since World War II) and arrested foreigners (later released). It might sound like the moves of a country in chaos, but observers say it's deliberate. "They're great poker players," says a senior U.S. official.

This time the strategy could backfire. Last week in private talks in Geneva, Washington and its allies in Tokyo and Seoul told the North Koreans they'll cut off financial and humanitarian aid if a missile is launched. That stance prompted a bellicose reaction from the North Koreans, who swore, "We are ready to annihilate mercilessly our enemies." Such talk has Japan nervously talking about remaking its demilitarized constitution.

Can Pyongyang's missiles hit a target? Probably not for a long time. But, says Gill Jung Il, a North Korean specialist at Seoul's Yonsei University, "accuracy is not the issue here. Perhaps the fact that Taepo Dong lacks accuracy makes it a more potent weapon. No one would know where it would hit." It's hard to think of a more perfect weapon for North Korea: unpredictable and potentially dangerous.

—By Tim Larimer/Tokyo. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Washington and Stella Kim/Seoul



WORLD

INSIDE LOOK

Trigger-Happy

There's a reason they call it rocket science

John Pike tracks North Korea's missile program as director of space policy for the Federation of American Scientists.

How complicated is it for the North Koreans to build a long-range ballistic missile?

Rocketry is grotesquely difficult, which is why they respectfully call it rocket science. So the North Korean achievement is impressive, considering their vast poverty. Unlike anything they have flown before, the Taepo Dong-2 apparently has four motors in the first stage. That makes it much more difficult to build. Preventing vibration from one of the motors from interfering with another motor is not easy. And since it has a longer range than anything they have used before, it is a big challenge to get it remotely close to the target.

How far advanced is North Korean missile technology?

It's roughly where America and Russia were in the late 1950s. But the ICBMs we were developing then were significantly bigger and more complex—and far more accurate.

Is North Korea a missile power?

Not really. It's difficult to get a missile to work once on a test range, but it is even more difficult to get it to work if you have a war one afternoon. The Taepo Dong-1 has flown only once, whereas in an American program you'd fly a missile 20 times before it's put into service. But this limited testing may be enough for the North Koreans, because they know how incredibly allergic we are to missiles and that it doesn't take much to get us scared.

—By Barry Hillenbrand

LONG RANGE: A U.S. Peacekeeper missile takes off on a test flight

ILLUSTRATION BY NICK

Why Your Cell Pho

Corporate egos and a free market put the U.S. behind the curve—and the Finns

By MARYANNE MURRAY BUECHNER

HERE IN THE U.S., WE'VE GOT software gods, Web commerce wizards and computer-chip kings. But when it comes to wireless technology, the Finns rule. Just look at what they can do with a cellular phone: buy a Coke from a vending machine. Run a car wash. Zap a digital picture to a friend. On this side of the Atlantic, we're just glad when our calls aren't cut off midsentence.

And it's not just the Finns' phones we fancy. The Swedes use theirs to pay utility bills. The French use them to check flight schedules, reserve hotel rooms and scan the traffic along Le

... And What You're Missing

FACE TIME

Necore Visual Phone

WHAT IT CAN DO Transmit live video at 32 kbps—faster than wireless data speeds in Europe and the U.S., but still jerky. Track users to their precise locations.

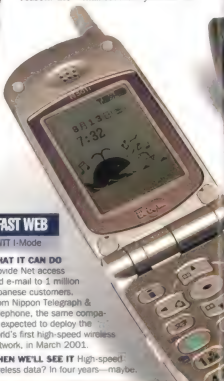
WHEN WE'LL SEE IT Video cell phones? Dream on. But tracking via GPS satellites will be required of U.S. carriers, for 911 calls, by 2001.



Périphérique. This month marks the birth of the mobile video phone. Where? Japan.

The U.S. has lagged in cell-phone technology for the better part of this decade. While two-way text messaging over cell phones has for years been a standard service from London to Lisbon, and the chat method of choice for teenagers in Tokyo, only a tiny number of users in the U.S. have the feature. U.S. wireless carriers are on the cusp of offering Internet access; overseas, it's already happening. Cell phones as wireless modems for laptops? Works great—in Europe.

Why are we so deprived? One big reason: the whiziest stuff you can do



FAST WEB

NIT I-Mode

WHAT IT CAN DO Provide Net access and e-mail to 1 million Japanese customers. From Nippon Telegraph & Telephone, the same company expected to deploy the world's first high-speed wireless network, in March 2001.

WHEN WE'LL SEE IT High-speed wireless data? In four years—maybe.

U.S. VS. THE WORLD

Percentage of the population using cell phones and number of users as of year-end 1998

Source: Dataquest

FINLAND

57%

2.9 million

NORWAY

48%

2.1 million

SWEDEN

46%

4.1 million

HONG KONG

43%

2.9 million

ISRAEL

37%

2.1 million

ITALY

36%

20.5 million

ne Stinks ...

with a cell phone requires a digital network, and the Europeans had a three-year head start implementing theirs. Moreover, they chose one network technology: GSM (Global System for Mobile communications). The use of a single standard puts them in a much better position to embrace the next big thing in wireless.

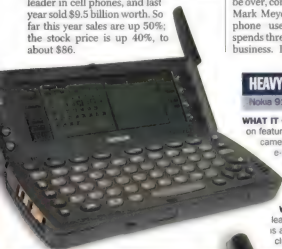
The Finns in particular have benefited from the nearly demonic devotion of one of their country's leading companies, Nokia, to cell-phone technology. Once a clunky national conglomerate, Nokia is the world leader in cell phones, and last year sold \$9.5 billion worth. So far this year sales are up 50%; the stock price is up 40%, to about \$86.

Going digital was a much rockier road in the U.S., mainly because the FCC chose to let competing technologies duke it out in the market. The result: Qualcomm, Ericsson and others squabbled over whose standard would "win." None did, so we're left with a hodgepodge of incompatible networks and a gaggle of abbreviations (GSM, CDMA, TDMA, IDEN) that are not only confusing but also confining, restricting us to a particular carrier's coverage area and delaying the roll-out of advanced services.

While the worst growing pains seem to be over, complaints about service continue. Mark Meyer, a lawyer and constant cell-phone user from Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., spends three months a year in Romania on business. He has two cell phones—one

from AT&T for the States, the other from Romanian GSM carrier Connex. "You never lose a signal in Bucharest," says Meyer, "and the signal is always clear." But in New York, he can name five different spots along his 26-mile commute from Westchester to Wall Street where his phone will go dead every time. "It's maddening," he says. "We have to have a problem in New York?"

To be fair, the top U.S. carriers have a much bigger customer base spread out over a lot more territory than, say, a telecom in Central Europe. And here's another excuse: Americans, by and large, are not desperate for cutting-edge cell phones. They have fixed phone service that's cheap and ubiquitous. Demand for digital cell phones is a lot stronger in Europe and Asia, where land lines are much more expensive (thanks to the hated PRTS—Postal, Telephone and Telegraph monopolies) and where digital capabilities like exchanging text messages ("Meet me at the café") have become culturally ingrained. Mobiles have become so popular in Finland—57% of the popu-



HEAVY HITTER

Nokia 9110 Communicator

WHAT IT CAN DO Lightweight, big on features. Can link to a digital camera, store images, then e-mail them; the Finnish post office will print and send them out as postcards. Doubles as a PDA, zaps files to PCs via infrared.

WHEN WE'LL SEE IT At least a year off. First edition is available here, but it's clunky by comparison.

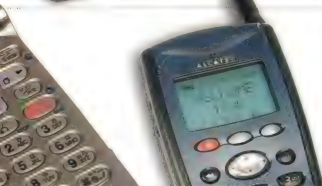


CHILD'S PLAY

Motorola MC8710

WHAT IT CAN DO Make a great fashion statement for the legions of cell phone-toting teens in Asia. Keypad is perfect for child-size fingers. Debuted this summer in Korea and Hong Kong.

WHEN WE'LL SEE IT No plans to introduce anything this cutesy in the U.S.



LEAN AND MEAN

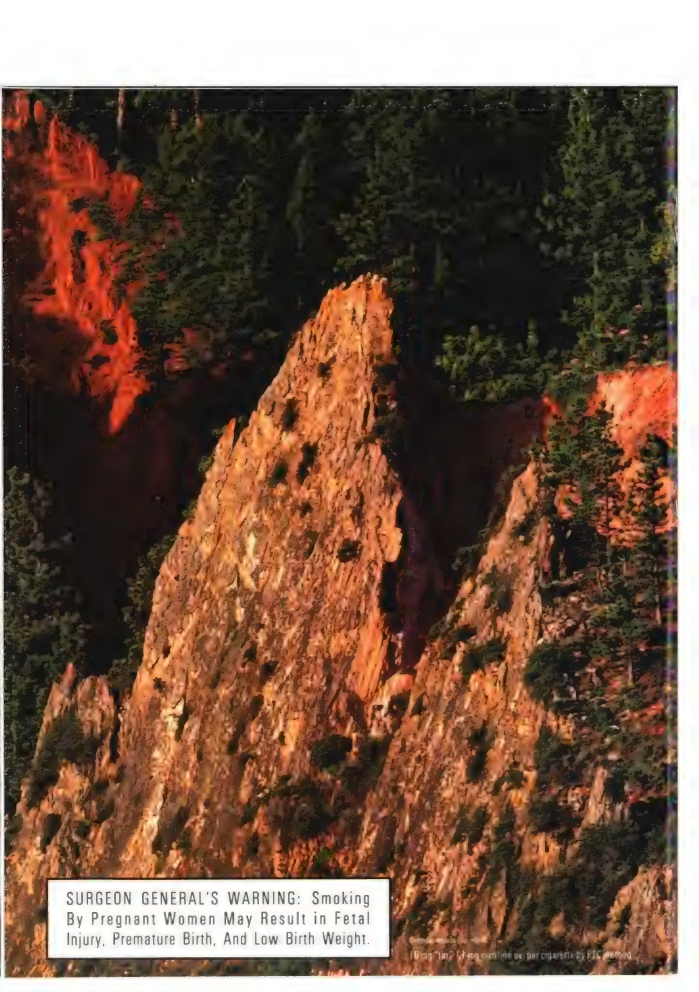
Alcatel One Touch POCKET (L)
Siemens S25 (R)

WHAT IT CAN DO Alcatel's latest, selling in Europe since spring, combines a wide range of wireless data capabilities—Web browsing, two-way text messaging, e-banking, e-commerce—into one sleek package. The Siemens cell packs Web powers into one of the world's tiniest models.

WHEN WE'LL SEE IT Web browsing catches up with the U.S. next month.

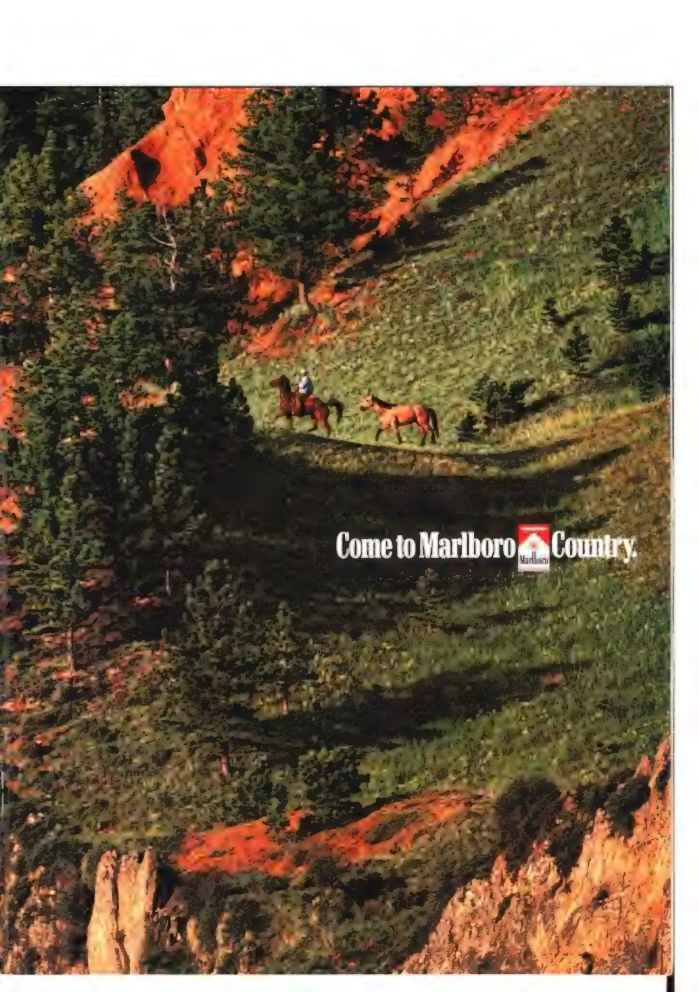



DENMARK	SINGAPORE	PORTUGAL	AUSTRALIA	JAPAN	SO. KOREA	AUSTRIA	U.S.
35%	32%	31%	31%	31%	30%	29%	26%
1.9 million	1 million	3.1 million	5.9 million	39 million	14 million	2.3 million	69.8 million



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

10 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

A scenic landscape featuring a lush green valley with two horses and a rider. The valley is flanked by steep, red rock cliffs. The scene is captured from a high angle, looking down into the valley. The horses are dark brown and are walking towards the right. The rider is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants. The text "Come to Marlboro Country." is overlaid on the right side of the image, with the Marlboro logo in the center.

Come to Marlboro  Country.



NEW TO U.S.

NeoPoint 1000

WHAT IT CAN DO

Help Sprint PCS introduce cell-phone Web browsing in the U.S. on a broad scale.

Store schedules, contacts; dial by voice command ("Call Jim").

WHEN WE'LL SEE IT

Phone starts selling this month; Web features "switch on" in late September.

lation have one, the highest penetration in the world—that the colloquial term for one is *kännnykkä*, or *känny*, which means "palm of the hand."

The same love affair is going on in Japan. Not even a player in this industry five years ago, Japan is expected to steal Europe's lead come March 2001, the target date for deployment of a high-speed network capable of moving wireless data as fast as 2 mbps. The so-called wideband CDMA network (Code Division Multiple Access) will be an exponential leap from the 9.6-kbps speeds of current digital

networks. Europe is expected to upgrade its system to high-speed data services a few months after Japan (making an interim jump to 384 kbps sometime in between). As for the U.S.? We'll be lucky to get there by 2003.

The U.S. is beginning to close the gap on the feature side. Sprint PCS announced last week that starting late September, its customers will be able to use their phones to access Web content specially formatted for cell-phone screens and check their Web-based e-mail. The French and Belgians have been doing that for only six months. AT&T (whose earlier PocketNET service was limited) and other U.S. carriers are moving forward with similar plans.

The introduction of broader, consumer-friendly wireless data services may be the strongest indication yet that the U.S. is catching up to the Europeans and the Japanese. E-mail-by-cell might even make up for the years we haven't had text messaging. Some more good news: cell phones that double as personal digital assistants are also due shortly. But anyone waiting to dial up that Coke is still going to get awfully thirsty.

—With

reporting by Kim Landry/
Paris, Tim Larimer and
Sachiko Sakamaki/
Tokyo and Charles
P. Wallace/Berlin

We're Already Living in Cell Hell

YOU PROBABLY SAW THE STORY RECENTLY ABOUT THE TRAINLOAD OF commuters who beat a man to death for talking too loudly on his cell phone. No? Maybe I just imagined it. Still, it could happen—it's getting that tense out there. These cell-phone people are so out of control that I worry about their safety—or would, if I weren't fantasizing about swatting them savagely about the head, shoulders and utility pouch with their obnoxious and nap-destroying phones. There's a guy serving a year in jail in England for refusing to shut up, shut up, SHUT UP for just a few minutes please ... during a flight from Madrid to Manchester. Authorities there claimed his mobile's emissions constituted a safety hazard, interfering with air-tower-to-pilot communications. But we know better, don't we? They threw him in the slammer for sweet revenge.

We don't need better cell-phone technology from Finland, or Lapland, or anywhere else. What we need is anti-cell phone technology, to take back the streets (and passenger trains and restaurants and theaters and airplanes) from the cell people before we all go crazy. There must be a gadget in the Sharper Image catalog or somewhere that could negate this nuisance. A cell jammer, say, a pocket-size device that cell haters could carry around and deploy to knock a phone abuser offline. Even better if the device could also transmit into his ear a high-pitched shrieking sound, similar to the one the phone company used to use before informing you that the number you were calling was not in service.

Or perhaps we should fight the problem head on. An extremely potent health argument could be made about the harm this is causing the uncalled in the form of, well, secondhand noise. It makes me very tense to be around someone who's calling the office from the train when he should be napping like the rest of us. My blood pressure goes into the red zone when I hear a cell person honk, "Hello! Wha—? Hello! Are you there? Hello!" especially when I know good and well that they lost their connection five minutes ago, only they haven't shut up long enough to notice. I also find it mortifying when I'm trapped next to some cell guy who's talking to his wife or his girlfriend about intimate matters—just him, his significant other and me. This must cause health troubles.

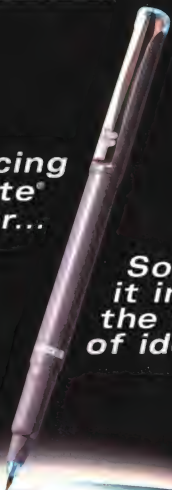
I say go with the secondhand noise attack. We'll cook up some medical research that "proves" we're at risk. Then we'll find a cell-phoneless lobbyist, should one exist, generate some sympathetic press and maybe get a website (shatecellphones.com is still available). Next we launch a campaign for designated no-cell-phone areas in public places. That's right, put all the cell shouters at tables in the back of the restaurant, near the bathroom or kitchen, where they can sit alone and chatter, gesturing wildly, as if the party to whom they are speaking could see them. Later, after they get good and comfortable with their status as pariahs—instead of power guys—we simply designate all public places no-cell-phone areas. That way they'd have to stand outside, in the rain, with all the smokers who congregate like the bad kids once did in high school. Yeah, that's it: we'll treat them just the way we did the smokers. And that worked, didn't it?

—By Jonathan Quittner



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INTRUSION: Police question Marie Wyman, 87, whose car crashed into a restaurant

On the Road Too Long

More seniors are getting into accidents, prompting states like California to consider tougher licensing

By TAMMERLIN DRUMMOND

MARIE WYMAN'S 87TH BIRTHDAY celebration at the Lobster Trap & Steakhouse in Winslow, Maine, ended with a bang. As she backed out of a handicapped-parking spot, police say, Wyman lost control of her Buick and plowed right through the restaurant's crowded dining room. Tables and chairs scattered as terrified diners scrambled for cover. Twenty-seven people were injured, and police say it was a miracle that no one was killed in the July 25 crash. Tragically, that wasn't so in Los Angeles nine months ago, when Byron Cox, 96, a driver with dementia, ran over Brandi Mitock, 15, as she crossed the street. The teenager was killed instantly.

Spurred by Mitock's death, State Representative Tom Hayden introduced a bill, now pending in the California legislature, that would make it tougher for drivers 75 and older to renew their license. The "Brandi Jo" bill is just one attempt to cope with a mounting public-health concern. Since 1987, fatal crashes involving drivers 70 and older have risen 42%, to

some 4,928 in 1997. In 20 years, the number of 70-plus drivers will have ballooned to 30 million, and highway-safety experts warn that the number of people killed in crashes involving elderly motorists is likely to surpass the drunk-driving death toll. While it is true that drivers 60 and older have a lower accident rate than younger ones, and that some seniors drive safely into their 90s, others are impaired by such ailments as poor vision, slow reflexes, partial paralysis and dementia. Attempts to identify unfit drivers, moreover, have been haphazard. Some states require frequent vision tests for elderly drivers. Others mandate nothing.



PATERNAL PAIN: After an elderly driver, right, killed his teenage daughter Brandi, Mark Mitock demanded reform

Mostly, the wrenching decision to give up the keys is left to the elderly. With limited transportation alternatives, seniors who can't drive often become housebound and depressed. Last year, when Persis Thompson, 80, of West Palm Beach, Fla., had a fender bender, she was terrified that she might lose her license. "I would have had to move into an independent-living facility," she said. Some communities offer low-cost vans and private-car services. But city buses and taxis are often all there is. Losing a license is like a death sentence to most people. That's why the adult children of elderly drivers will usually not intervene—even when Mom or Dad is a road menace. Members of one Detroit family tried to persuade the grandfather, 96, to sell his Cadillac because he kept crashing into a tree next to the driveway. Instead he chopped down the offending object.

Some seniors, though, self-regulate. They don't drive at night or on busy highways. "I know what hours to go out and get ahead of those young people," says Mildred Mosely, 74, a retired nurse from Oakland, Calif., who cut back on her driving after cataract surgery.

Under the Brandi Jo law, all drivers 75 and older would have to take a vision test, as well as a written and road test every five years. The tests would come every three years after age 80, every two years after 85 and annually after 90.

The California proposal faces a formidable foe, in the American Association of Retired Persons, and its outcome is uncertain. The powerful senior-advocacy group has already pushed state lawmakers to defeat age-based driving bills in Florida and Texas. "If two little old ladies in tennis shoes come in and say, 'We don't like this,' they duck for cover," says Florida State Representative Ed Healey. As an alternative, the A.A.R.P. sponsors eight-hour driver-refresher courses. Last year 700,000 people attended, lured in part by a 10% discount on their auto insurance. But what about older drivers who don't realize they pose a danger on the road? The Federal Government is conducting a study in Maryland on targeting problem motorists before they cause an accident. Meanwhile, it is up to family members to hide the keys. —With reporting by Stacie Stukin/Los Angeles and Jeanne DeQuince/Miami



Stacie Stukin/Los Angeles and Jeanne DeQuince/Miami

Benevolent Bribery—Or Racism?

A California mom stirs debate by paying drug users to stop having kids

By MARGOT HORNBLOWER LOS ANGELES

AT THE DINING-ROOM TABLE, ISIAH, AN eight-year-old with a toothy grin, carefully creases paper airplanes, enlisting his mother to staple them together. "Nobody makes them as well as you," she says. Can this be the same foster baby that Barbara Harris carried home from the hospital—a stiff-limbed infant who couldn't sleep more than 15 minutes at a stretch, who would wake screaming and vomiting? "He was a bundle of nerves," recalls Harris, who adopted Isiah and three of his siblings, all born with crack cocaine in their systems. "He had the shakes. All you could do was have patience."



PROGRAM DEFENDER: Adams with son Kendall



Yet Harris is anything but patient with the drug-addicted women who each year give birth to some 500,000 drug-exposed children in the U.S., many of them brain-damaged and HIV-infected. As Isiah's birth mother "popped out babies every year," Harris says, "I got angrier and angrier."

Harris adopted the last four of the woman's eight children. But she also "called the D.A. and the police to see if I could make a citizen's arrest of the mother for endangering her kids. I wrote the politicians, but they don't care. The social workers were helpless. Finally I realized that if I wanted these women to take birth control, I'd have to do it on my own."

So Harris, 47, a home-

A MODEL OF IMPATIENCE: CRACK founder Barbara Harris and members of her brood

maker in Stanton, Calif., came up with a market-based proposition: she would pay drug addicts \$200 to get sterilized or take long-term birth control. Since November 1997, Harris' nonprofit organization, Children Requiring a Caring Community, has paid 61 women to follow her program: 44 had their tubes tied; the remainder took time-release birth-control drugs. Before they signed up, Harris says, the women acknowledged having experienced a total of 446 pregnancies, of which 169 were aborted. Twenty-three of their children were stillborn, 22 died later, and 185 were placed in foster care.

A former waitress with a cheerful, assertive manner, Harris runs CRACK from a two-room office above a dental clinic, working mornings while her children are

The Unforeseen Effect of Abortion

NEVER MIND ALL THOSE MAYORS WHO BRAG about the results of their tough-on-crime initiatives. A pair of respected researchers has come up with a startling alternative explanation for the recent drop in crime—those most likely to commit it were never born.

The legalization of abortion in the early '70s prevented a significant number of would-be criminals from coming of age in the 1990s, according to a controversial study, "Legalized Abortion and Crime," by University of Chicago economist Steven Levitt and Stanford University law professor John Donohue III. They suggest that the rise in abortions after the 1973 Supreme

Court ruling in *Roe v. Wade* may explain as much as half the overall decrease in crime from 1991 to 1997. Says Donohue: "In 1981 a third of all pregnancies ended in abortion. That social phenomenon will have a large repercussion."

Fewer offenses, Donohue and Levitt point out, are being perpetrated by people ages 24 and younger—those born after abortion was legalized. Increased abortions, they add, reduced the number of "unwanted" children born to teenage, unmarried and poor women—children considered most likely to commit crimes as adults.

Some criminologists, including Alfred Blumstein, director of the National Consortium on Violence Research, say Donohue and Levitt don't adequately factor in other variables, including the strong economy and crime-prevention measures. But if their research is proved correct, the duo say, crime stats should slide further over the next 20 years.

—By Stacy Porman

What the Study Says

IN STATES WITH THE HIGHEST ABORTION RATE...
 Murder
 Violent crime
 Property crime

IN STATES WITH THE LOWEST ABORTION RATE...
 Murder
 Violent crime
 Property crime

Map by Chicago in Crime, 1995. © Society for Women and John Donohue

in school. Her board of directors includes a law professor, a retired police officer, three social workers and a foster mother who has taken in seven drug-addicted babies. CRACK has mounted a toll-free hot line, a website (cracksterilization.com) and billboards in four states. It opened a chapter in Chicago last month and has garnered attention from the likes of Oprah Winfrey and Barbara Walters. Radio shrink Dr. Laura Schlessinger contributed \$5,000.

In the past three weeks Harris has sent out forms to about 200 addicts, including 10 men who can qualify with vasectomies. From her home computer she answers scores of supportive e-mails—and occasional hate messages—that pour into her mailbox: Luvbabies@aol.com.

To critics, Harris' activities amount to eugenics: bribing befuddled women to give up their reproductive rights. "Two hundred dollars could lead these women to make a decision they would later regret," says Gloria Feldt, president of Planned Parenthood Federation of America. "It is unethical because they cannot give their informed consent." American Civil Liberties Union lawyers and a host of university bioethics scholars concur, claiming the addicts are insufficiently protected—even by the 30-day consent period and counseling required by law before federal funds can be spent on sterilization.

Several clients referred by Harris are willing to defend the program publicly. Sharon Adams, 39, says she prostituted herself for 12 years to pay for crack and bore 14 children—eight of them born addicted. Now drug free and working as a pizza-delivery driver, she says, "This program isn't forcing anybody to do anything." Sherry Golding, 29, a former methamphetamine addict who struggled to regain custody of her three children, says the \$200 she got to have her tubes tied was "a lifesaver. It helped me get my life together."

While some detractors accuse Harris, who is white, of racism, she shrugs it off. Her husband, a surgical technician, is African American. Her three grown biological sons are biracial. The four children they adopted are black. The women who have accepted her offer so far constitute a mixed group: 26 Caucasians, 24 African Americans and 11 Hispanics. From her narrow kitchen, where the fax machine is wedged between the microwave and the electric grill pan, Harris heaps scorn on the naysayers as she whips up cheese sandwiches for lunch. "The people who yell the loudest aren't the ones raising these kids," she scoffs. "Unless you're willing to take these babies into your home for 18 years, your opinion means nothing to me."

DIVIDING LINE

Jack E. White

Affirmative Action's Alamo

Gerald Ford returns to fight once more for Michigan

MANY CIVIL RIGHTS LAWYERS AGREE THAT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN could be the Alamo of affirmative action, the place where they make their last stand. Michigan's affirmative-action programs, especially at its prestigious law school, are among the best in the country—designed not only to produce diverse student bodies but also to withstand the sort of right-wing onslaughts, in the courts or at the polls, that have outlawed the use of racial preferences in California, Washington and other states. That's why so much is riding on two lawsuits filed by whites who claim that they were denied admission to Michigan because of their race, pointing out that some black applicants with lower test scores and grade-point averages were admitted. If affirmative

action in Michigan can't survive these assaults, it's probably doomed at every other state campus in the nation.

Enter Davy Crockett ... er ... I mean, former President Gerald Ford, a Michigan alumnus who last week wrote an extraordinary opinion piece for the *New York Times*, defending the race-conscious admission policies that are at the core of the Michigan cases. Ford warned that if the courts forbid Michigan to use race, along with other factors that the school employs to select its student body—including economic standing, geographic origin, athletic and artistic achievement—they would turn back the clock to an era when minorities "were isolated and penalized for the color of their skin ... or national ancestry." He recounted a revolting incident in 1934 when his black teammate, Willis Ward, voluntarily benched himself because the visiting Georgia Tech football team objected to competing against an African American. Ward's sacrifice, Ford wrote, "led me to question how educational administrators could capitulate to raw prejudice."

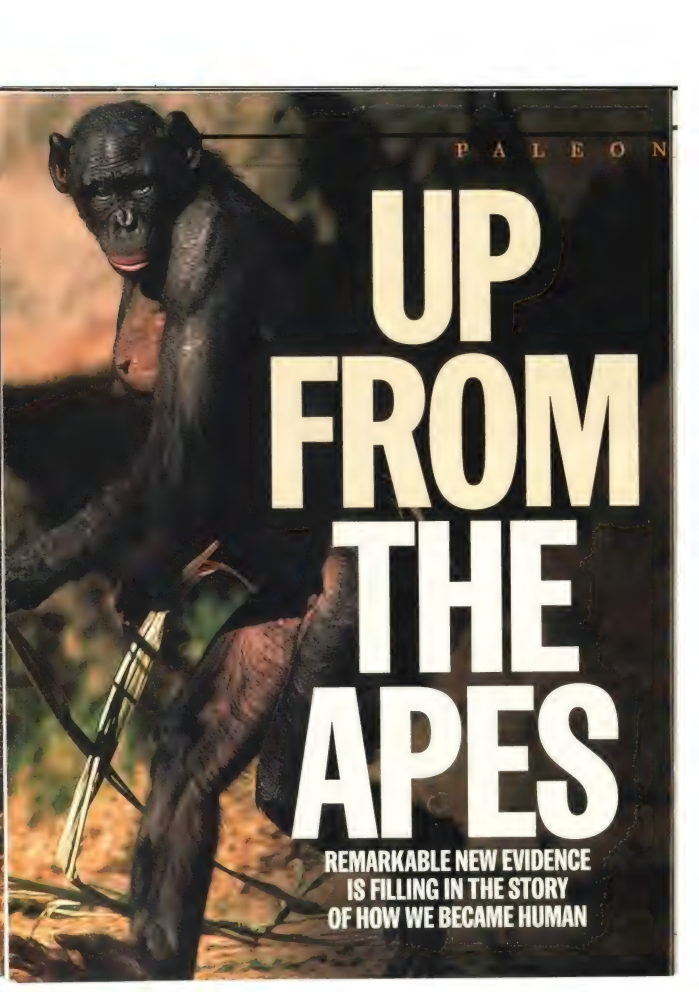


Football player Ford, No. 48, saw what bias did to teammate Ward, No. 61

himself because the visiting Georgia Tech football team objected to competing against an African American. Ward's sacrifice, Ford wrote, "led me to question how educational administrators could capitulate to raw prejudice."

Ford's surprise declaration was part of a strategy by Michigan's president, Lee Bollinger, to recapture the moral high ground that affirmative-action supporters have lost to the likes of California's Ward Connerly. Bollinger insists that for a university, racial diversity is "as vital as teaching Shakespeare or mathematics." Under a color-blind admissions system, Bollinger fears, the proportion of black undergrads would nose-dive from 9% to just 1% or 2%.

A few weeks ago, Bollinger and William Bowen, co-author of *The Shape of the River*, an influential book about affirmative action on campus, briefed Ford about Michigan's affirmative-action procedures, which have been reviewed to ensure that they comply with Supreme Court rulings. For example, Michigan's law school does not set numerical targets for minority students. Instead, in addition to grades and test scores, it relies heavily on letters of recommendation, the applicant's essay and evidence of leadership ability. The number of minority students who enter the law school varies greatly from year to year. Surveys show there is no significant difference in job satisfaction or the passage of bar exams between minority graduates and their white counterparts. The minorities have become part of the mainstream. That kind of inclusion is precisely what affirmative action is supposed to accomplish. If enough folks like Gerald Ford can be convinced that Michigan's way of achieving it is not only effective but fair, the Alamo of affirmative action might result in victory—for the defenders.

A chimpanzee is perched on a dark, textured tree branch, looking directly at the viewer. The background is a soft-focus natural setting with warm, golden-brown tones. The chimpanzee's dark fur and facial features are clearly visible.

P A L E O N

UP FROM THE APES

REMARKABLE NEW EVIDENCE
IS FILLING IN THE STORY
OF HOW WE BECAME HUMAN

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK and ANDREA DORFMAN

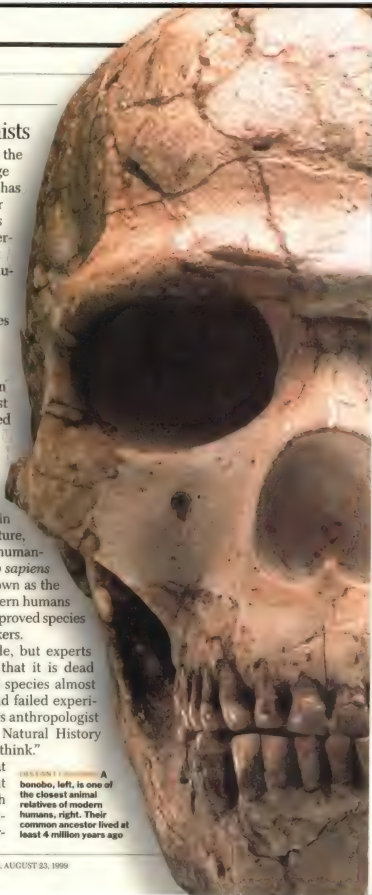
Despite the protests of creationists

and their intellectual allies, and such efforts as the Kansas school board's vote last week to expunge evolution from the school curriculum, science has long taught that human beings are just another kind of animal, but most of the time this seems like a technicality. It's not just the obvious differences—language, civilization, technology—that set us apart. Even basic biology suggests that humanity has special status. Virtually every other type of animal comes in multiple varieties: dozens of species of monkeys, antelopes, whales and hawks walk, swim or fly the earth, to say nothing of beetles, whose hundreds of thousands of species inspired biologist J.B.S. Haldane's famous quip that God must have had "an inordinate fondness" for them. Even our closest kin, the great apes, fall into four species, divided into several subspecies.

But there's now only one species of human on the planet, and in the simplified view of evolution most of us have, that's all there has ever been. A few million years ago, most of us think, the half-ape known as Lucy appeared in Africa; eventually she begat a less apelike creature, who evolved in turn into something even more human-like. Finally, after a few more begettings, *Homo sapiens* appeared. Except for that odd side branch known as the Neanderthals, the path from proto-apes to modern humans is commonly seen as a succession of new and improved species taking the place of worn-out evolutionary clunkers.

It's a satisfying, if slightly chauvinistic tale, but experts in human evolution have known for years that it is dead wrong. The evolution of a successful animal species almost always involves trial and error, false starts and failed experiments. "Humans are no exception to this," says anthropologist Ian Tattersall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, "no matter what we like to think."

True, we're descended from a creature that split off from the apes millions of years ago. But subsequent events were hardly a steady march from primitivism to perfection. Human evolution more nearly resembled an elimination tour-

CRUCIAL POINT  A bonobo, left, is one of the closest animal relatives of modern humans, right. Their common ancestor lived at least 4 million years ago



nament. At just about any given moment in prehistory, our family tree included several species of hominids—erect, upright-walking primates. All were competitors in an evolutionary struggle from which only one would ultimately emerge. Then came yet another flowering of species that would compete for survival. Neanderthals simply represented the most recent version of that contest. And while we'd find it bizarre to share our world with another human species, the fact that we've been alone since the Neanderthals vanished some 30,000 years ago is an evolutionary aberration.

The notion that multiple human species are the norm, not the exception, has only got stronger with a series of major scientific discoveries. Since 1994, four new species of hominid have been added to the human family tree, with the latest announced just a few months ago. These date from 800,000 years ago all the way back to 4.4 million years B.P. (before the present).

Scientists have also unearthed new fossils of known species. This should help them trace the complex relations among our sundry ancestors. One remarkable skeleton, announced this past spring, suggests that modern humans and Neanderthals may even have mated successfully. And new evidence of stone-tool use, dating as far back as 2.5 million years, has provided tantalizing clues to how our forebears thought and behaved.

These discoveries not only further confirm that multiple hominid species are the rule but also bring us much closer to understanding the ultimate mysteries of human evolution: What were the changes

IN SEARCH OF ORIGINS

Tim White, below and above, wants to find the last common ancestor of apes and humans. This jaw fragment, bottom, is from a creature that so far comes closest



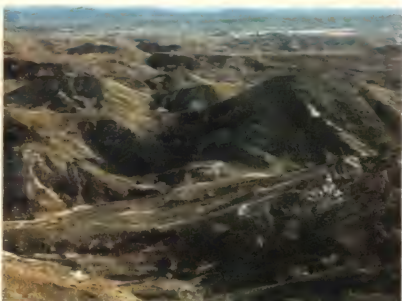
that led to modern humans? When did these changes take place, and why? And perhaps most intriguing, will we continue to evolve, or has *Homo sapiens* (wise man) made evolution obsolete?

While all the answers won't be in for some time, experts have identified several key transitions in our evolutionary chronicle. The first, which happened around the time we diverged from the apes, between 6 million and 4 million years ago, was the development of bipedalism—two-legged walking rather than the kind of locomotion Tarnan learned from his adoptive ape family.

The second, which occurred perhaps 2.5 million years B.P., was the invention of toolmaking—the purposeful crafting of stone implements rather than just picking up handy rocks—and the transition to meat eating. Then, somewhere between 2 million and 1 million years ago, came the dramatic growth of the brain and our ancestors' first emergence from Africa. Finally, just a few tens of thousands of years ago, our own species learned to use that powerful organ for abstract thought, which quickly led to art, music, language and all the other skills that have enthroned humans as the unchallenged rulers of their planet.

■ SPLIT FROM THE APES

AS RECENTLY AS FIVE YEARS AGO, ALL THAT scientists could really tell about our earliest ancestors was when they first appeared. Molecular biologists had measured the differences between human and chimpanzee DNA, then averaged the rate of genetic change over time. By calculating backward, they determined



that great apes and hominids branched from a common ancestor between 6 million and 4 million years ago. But no fossils were on hand to support this scenario. The oldest hominid species known, *Australopithecus afarensis* (southern ape of the Afar), could be dated back only 3.6 million years. Its most famous member, Lucy, unearthed in Ethiopia's bleak Afar Triangle in 1974, is a mere 3.2 million years old.

Then, in 1994 and 1995, teams working in Ethiopia and Kenya announced that they had each found a new species of hominid. Both discoveries smashed the 4-million-year barrier. The first—and at 4.4 million years, the oldest—was dug up by an international team in the Middle Awash region of Ethiopia, about 50 miles south of where Lucy was discovered.

All told, the scientists excavated the bones and teeth of 17 individuals. Given their age, no one was surprised that they showed a mix of chimpanzee-like and human traits that as a whole are more primitive than those of *A. afarensis*: smaller molars, larger canines and thinner tooth enamel, suggesting a diet rich in easy-to-chew fruits and vegetables. The new species, says paleontologist Tim White of the University of California at Berkeley, a co-leader of the expedition, "is way closer to an ape than to an australopithecine and is significantly different from any other hominid."

Because the fossils were too distinctive to be included in Lucy's extended *Australopithecus* family, the researchers called the new species *Ardipithecus ramidus* (ardi

STANDING ON TWO LEGS

This ancient tibia found by Meave Leakey, above left, and her team at Kanapoi, Kenya, proves hominids walked upright—a major milestone—4.2 million years ago



means ground or floor in the local Afar language, and *ramid* means root). White and his colleagues have since found other *ramidus* fossils at their site but are giving out precious few details until they complete their methodical analysis of the bones. Says *ramidus* co-discoverer Berhane Asfaw of the Rift Valley Research Service in Addis Ababa: "It will be worth the wait."

One prize specimen, they acknowledge, is a partial skeleton found by Berkeley graduate student Yohannes Haile-Selassie (no relation to the Emperor). Alas, the back of the skull is badly crushed. A hippo or elephant probably trampled it soon after the creature died. "It looks like roadkill," quips White. Given the small skulls of *A. afarensis* and other later australopithecines, however, this specimen undoubtedly had a pint-size brain. At this point in evolution, says White, "we're in the minor leagues of brain development."

But the skeleton does include many bones that will help White's team answer the much more important question of how *Ardipithecus* got around. Paleanthropologists believe that bipedalism was the first significant modification separating our ancestors from the great apes. By studying the bones and fossil footprints of *A. afarensis* (Lucy and her line) as well as those of half a dozen other australopithecine species, scientists already knew that our ancestors walked upright long before they acquired other human traits—and that bipedalism gave them a huge edge.

STORY CONTINUES AFTER GRAPHIC →

ALL IN THE FAMILY: An up-to-date genealogy of mo

THE MORE SCIENTISTS dig, the more hominid species they find. Most are distant cousins that went extinct without progeny; others are our direct ancestors

WHEN SPECIES LIVED	4.4 million years ago	4.2 million to 3.9 million years	3.6 million to 2.9 million years
FIRST DISCOVERED	Aramis, Ethiopia	Kanapoi, Kenya	Laetoli, Tanzania
COMMENT	Exactly where this primitive species belongs and whether it walked upright are still unknown	Shows that our ancestors walked upright at least 500,000 years earlier than previously known	To date, found only in eastern Africa. Most famous example is the 3.2 million-year-old partial skeleton known as Lucy
			
<i>A. robustus</i>	<i>Australopithecus anamensis</i>	<i>A. afarensis</i>	<i>A. robustus</i>
1.9 million to 1.5 million years	2.4 million to 1.8 million years	1.9 million to 1.6 million years	1.7 million to 1.5 million years
Kromdraai, South Africa	Koobi Fora, Kenya	Olduvai Gorge, Tanzania	Koobi Fora, Kenya
Discovered by Robert Broom in 1938, it is found only in southern Africa and is not a direct human ancestor	May be an early form of <i>H. habilis</i> ; if a distinct species, it's the earliest known member of our genus	Unearthed by the Leakeys in the early 1960s, "Handy Man" was once thought to be the earliest tool user	May be an early form of <i>H. erectus</i> found only in Africa; its designation as a separate species is debated
			
<i>H. robustus</i>	<i>Homo rudolfensis</i>	<i>H. habilis</i>	<i>H. ergaster</i>

HOW WE GOT FROM THERE TO HERE

TIME Diagram by Joe Lipka



Modern humans and their evolutionary predecessors



3 million to 2.3 million years

Taung, South Africa

First ancient human ancestor discovered in Africa, it was once thought to be the missing link between apes and humans



2.8 million to 2.3 million years

Omo Basin, Ethiopia

May be an ancestor of *A. boisei* and *A. robustus*. The fossil above, found by Richard Leakey's team, is called the Black Skull



2.5 million years

Bouri, Ethiopia

The newest hominid species to be identified, it may have been the first to use stone tools and eat meat



2.3 million to 1.4 million years

Olduvai Gorge, Tanzania

First ancient hominid found by the Leakeys. This skull's huge molars earned it the nickname "Nutcracker Man"



1.7 million to 250,000 years

Trinil, Indonesia

Discovered in 1891, it may have been the first hominid to use fire and the first to migrate out of Africa



800,000 years

Gran Dolina, Spain

May be the last common ancestor of both Neanderthals and modern humans; species designation debated



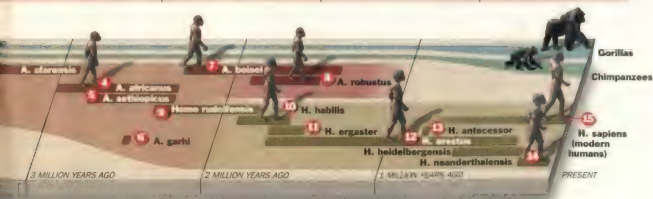
200,000 to <30,000 years

Neander Valley, Germany

Overlapped with *H. sapiens*. Earlier forms extending back to 600,000 years are sometimes called *H. heidelbergensis*



Earliest known fossils date to about 100,000 years ago. Other fossils from Africa that are between about 1 million and 100,000 years old probably include ancestors of modern humans



According to conventional wisdom, this evolutionary breakthrough came at a time when climate change was transforming eastern and southern Africa from dense forest into open grassland. Standing upright in such an environment could have offered our ancestors many advantages. It could have let them scan the horizon for predators, exposed less body surface to the scorching equatorial sun (and, conversely, more to the cooling wind) or freed their hands for carrying food.

But these ideas may be in trouble. Fossilized seeds, petrified wood and animal bones found by White and his colleagues at the digging site, near the village of Aramis, indicate that it was quite densely wooded when *A. ramidus* lived there. If the hominid turns out to have been bipedal, as preliminary studies indicate, this could wash away existing theories—though the scientists can't say for sure until other hominid fossil sites of comparable age are found.

Even if *ramidus* didn't walk upright, however, another of the recently discovered human ancestors certainly did. Less than a year after *A. ramidus* made headlines, a team led by Meave Leakey of the National Museums of Kenya (wife of well-known fossil hunter Richard Leakey) and Alan Walker of Pennsylvania State University revealed that it too had found fossils of an ancient human ancestor at two sites near Lake Turkana, in Kenya. Not only is the new hominid very old, dating to 4.2 million years B.P., but it is similar in some ways to *A. afarensis*—though clearly more primitive. Given the family resemblance, Leakey and Walker assigned the fossils to the same genus, *Australopithecus*, and gave the new species the name *anamensis* (*anam* is the Turkana word for lake).

Several of the bones underscore that *A. anamensis* did indeed walk upright, some 500,000 years before the next oldest two-legged hominid known. But these creatures didn't walk in the modern sense. As Leakey explains, "They weren't nearly as efficiently upright as we are, and they had relatively short legs. They had a form of locomotion that we don't know today because there isn't anything equivalent."

Precisely where do *A. ramidus* and *A. anamensis* fit into the scheme of human evolution? Leakey believes the latter is a direct ancestor of *A. afarensis* and thus a direct ancestor of modern humans. White and his colleagues have tentatively labeled the older *ramidus* a "sister species" of all later hominids: it's either our direct ancestor or a close relative of that ancestor. Whichever *ramidus* turns out to be, it's clear that paleontologists are closing in on the split between apes and humans. "We're in the ballpark. Five or 10 years ago, we couldn't even



EARLIEST BUTCHERS

Berhane Asfaw's team found signs that hominids scraped and smashed animal bones, like this tibia, 2.5 million years ago

have conceived of this," asserts White. "*Ardipithecus* is the closest thing we currently have to the common ancestor of African apes and humans, but its derived characteristics, particularly its teeth, suggest that it postdates that ancestor."

As for the ancestor, White hints that his team has already discovered hominid fossils that are more than 5 million years old, though he refuses to elaborate before detailed studies are completed. But Leakey and Walker readily acknowledge that they are studying two 5.5 million-year-old hominid teeth and a similarly ancient jaw fragment with an embedded tooth from a site in northern Kenya. "They look like australopithecines with lots of primitive features," Walker says, but there isn't enough evidence from these fossils alone to claim a new species.

THE EARLIEST HUMANS

GIVEN THEIR 2 MILLION-YEAR-PLUS lifespan, the australopithecines were surely one of evolution's better experiments. But

nature is an inveterate tinkerer, even with successful species. Between 3 million and 1.9 million years B.P., several variations on the *Australopithecus* theme popped up in eastern and southern Africa, including *A. africanus*, *A. aethiopicus*, *A. robustus* and *A. boisei*. (Just to complicate matters, the last three are assigned by some experts to an entirely different genus, *Paranthropus*.)

But figuring out how they arose, how they were related and what they evolved into—those that weren't evolutionary dead ends—has proved elusive. Not only is the fossil record full of holes, but the hominid species from eastern Africa haven't shown up in southern Africa, and vice versa. A remarkably preserved skeleton found in South Africa's Sterkfontein cave could change all that. Believed to be at least 3.3 million years old, the bones may belong to *A. afarensis*, making it the first of Lucy's species uncovered in that area. But the skeleton hasn't been fully excavated yet, and its discoverer, Ron Clarke of the University of the Witwatersrand, in Johannesburg, thinks it may represent yet another previously unknown species.

Whatever the evolutionary relationships between these prehuman species, paleoanthropologists know that at some



point a second major shift took place. One of Lucy's descendants gave rise to a new kind of creature, the first of the genus *Homo*. Yet none of the known variants of *Australopithecus* seemed anatomically close enough to the *Homo* line to qualify.

Then, four months ago, Asfaw and White's team made another dramatic announcement. A fragmentary skull found near Bouri, an Ethiopian village in the Middle Awash region northeast of Addis Ababa, could well be from the missing australopithecine that sired the human race (see cover photo). Excavated in 1997, its jutting face and upper jaw filled with large teeth clearly belong to a species more advanced than *A. afarensis* yet more primitive than the earliest humans.

The mix of characteristics wasn't precisely what the experts expected—they were looking to see smaller, more specialized teeth and a larger braincase. So they named their hominid *Australopithecus garhi* (*garhi* means surprise in Afar). But the skull's intermediate anatomy and its age—about 2.5 million years—put it midway in both time and form between the most recent *A. afarensis* and the oldest known fossils of our own genus.

That alone would make *A. garhi* a prime candidate for the long-sought evolutionary link between Lucy's species and the first humans. But the researchers also found that nearby animal bones dating from the same period had been butchered with stone implements. Cut marks on one antelope jawbone suggest that the hominids used a sharp stone flake to remove the animal's tongue. The leg bone of another animal is scarred by cuts, chop marks and signs of hammering, evidence that it was scraped clean of meat and bashed open to expose the nutritious marrow.

Earlier discoveries at Gona, an Ethiopian site about 60 miles north of Bouri, had already shown that someone was using carefully manufactured stone tools in the area at about that time. Now Asfaw and White's team could make a circumstantial case that their species, *A. garhi*, was the gifted toolmaker. If so, this was a crucial bit of scientific sleuthing. In the 2 million years since the first human ancestor began to walk upright, nothing much had changed. Now something had. Rather than just using sticks and stones to leverage innate abilities—something done by plenty of animals, from chimps to otters to finches—someone had deliberately selected and modified specific raw materials in a sophisticated and consistent way, and with careful intent.

This wasn't just tool use; it was technology. Explains archaeologist Sileshi Semaw, a postdoctoral researcher at Indiana University in Bloomington, who helped find a huge cache of 2.6 million-year-old

tools at Gona in the early 1990s: "The Gona hominids [carefully] selected workable raw materials." Since there are no local sources of such materials at Bouri, where the *A. garhi* fossils were found, the hominids must have carried their tools with them when they traveled there.

Did *A. garhi* make both the tools Semaw found and the ones used to butcher animals at Bouri? "If it wasn't *garhi*," asks White, "what would it have been?" Semaw is more cautious. "*Australopithecus garhi* is the best candidate thus far," he concedes, but he doesn't rule out the possibility that another species, yet undiscovered, deserves the credit.

Whoever did it, the creation of technology gave its inventors an astonishing advantage over other hominid species. Stone hammers and blades let them exploit carcasses left behind by other predators and permitted them to shift to an energy-rich, high-fat diet. "That," asserts Asfaw, "leads to all kinds of evolutionary consequences."

One of these, White suggests, was the ability to exploit a broader range of habitats, eventually enabling our ancestors to leave Africa and colonize most of the globe. But even more important was the expansion of our brain, with all the potential that went with it. Explains Meave Leakey: "The brain is a very expensive organ in terms of metabolism." It can grow larger only in a species that's routinely consuming high-energy food. One impetus for such growth—and in particular, the growth of the cognitive areas that distinguish ours from other large brains—could have come from our increasingly creative use of tools. Still, the ultimate use to which those big, sophisticated brains would be put would not appear for many hundreds of thousands of years.

MODERN HUMANS

JUST AS *AUSTRALOPITHECUS AFARENSIS* eventually gave rise to the genus *Homo*, so one species came to stand out among the *Homo* line and eventually led to modern humans. The fossil record is far too spotty to say how *Homo habilis* (handy man) and other members of its genus—*H. rudolfensis*, *H. ergaster* and *H. erectus*—were related, to what extent they overlapped or even whether they all represent distinct species. Many scientists believe, though, that it was *H. erectus* that was the ultimate victor, the direct ancestor of our own species.

H. erectus was also the first hominid to emigrate from Africa, at least 1.8 million years ago, spreading all the way to China and Indonesia. Then, at some point—for

reasons still mysterious—the lineage diverged, with one branch leading to Neanderthals and another to modern humans.

Exactly when and how it happened is unclear. The oldest Neanderthal fossils in hand date only to 200,000 B.P., and the oldest *Homo sapiens* to about 100,000. But some recent discoveries may help answer those questions. A 1 million-year-old cranium from Buia, Eritrea, for example, has characteristics of both *H. erectus* and *H. sapiens*. And what Asfaw and his colleagues



EARLY A two-bladed stone flake from Ethiopia dates back 2.5 million years, providing a clue to when deliberate toolmaking began

call a "spectacular" partial cranium of the same age from Ethiopia should help as well when it's formally unveiled.

An unusually rich trove of fossils has been found at two sites in northern Spain's Atapuerca mountains. One, known as Gran Dolina, has yielded 800,000-year-old hominids that Spanish researchers believe are a new species, perhaps the most recent common ancestor of modern humans and Neanderthals. Named *Homo antecessor* (Latin for explorer or pioneer), they had a

primitive jaw and prominent brow ridges but a projecting face, sunken cheekbones and tooth development similar to that of modern humans.

Less than half a mile away, *antecessor's* co-discoverer, Juan Luis Arsuaga of the Universidad Complutense de Madrid, is excavating at Sima de los Huesos (Pit of Bones), deep inside a natural cave. So far, his team has found thousands of fossils from at least 33 hominids of all ages. About 300,000 years old, they appear to represent an early stage of Neanderthal evolution. Explains Eric Delson, a professor of anthropology at Lehman College in New York City: "For the first time, we have a good population from a single place and enough variation to show Neanderthal features being distilled and standardized."

What occurred some 200,000 years later, when *Homo sapiens* first met their Neanderthal cousins—the only other hominid species that hadn't dwindled into extinction—is a matter of much speculation, scientific and otherwise. Our species would end up the only one left standing, but whatever happened to the Neanderthals didn't happen quickly. Plentiful archaeological evidence proves that *Homo sapiens* and *Homo neanderthalensis* inhabited the same general turf in many parts of Europe and the Middle East for thousands of years. That doesn't prove, however, that they lived as peaceable neighbors. Populations were so sparse that run-ins probably would have been rare.

A romantic notion of how the Neanderthals disappeared has been around for decades: perhaps they were eliminated by interbreeding with us. Maybe we all carry a bit of Neanderthal in our DNA. Two years ago, molecular biologists tested that hypothesis by extracting some DNA from a Neanderthal fossil and comparing it with that of modern humans. Their conclusion: the differences are great enough to rule out significant interbreeding, even though such mating would have been biologically possible.

But a skeleton discovered in Portugal last December gives new life to the old idea. Co-discoverer João Zilhão, director of the Portuguese Institute of Archaeology, and consultant Erik Trinkaus of Washington University in St. Louis, Mo., claim that the 24,500-year-old remains of a four-year-old child show a mix of human and Neanderthal features. The boy could simply be the love child from a single prehistoric one-night stand—except that the last true Neanderthals had disappeared from the area at least 3,000 years earlier. Plenty of experts are unwilling to be swayed by romance, however—especially the American Museum's Ian Tattersall, who says flatly, "It's just a chunky modern kid. There's nothing special about it."

Besides, one isolated case can't explain the demise of an entire population spread across thousands of miles. The mystery is all the greater as paleoanthropologists learn how similar to our own ancestors the Neanderthals were. They hunted cooperatively, they buried their dead, and their brains were as big as ours. The species' relative equality, says Trinkaus, "makes perfect sense, given that the two groups co-existed for several thousand years without one or the other being dominant."

What may have happened, suggests Tattersall, is that some 50,000 years after modern humans arose, we began using our brains in a fundamentally different way. Despite their burials, for example, the Neanderthals left no clear evidence of any ritual or any belief in an afterlife. Nor is there

that occurred every million years or so. Against that kind of competition, no other human species could hold out.

■ THE END OF EVOLUTION?

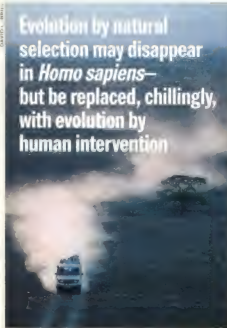
THE DEVELOPMENT OF SYMBOLIC THOUGHT and complex communication did nothing less than alter human evolution. For one thing, high-tech transportation means that the world, though ethnically diverse, now really consists of a single, huge population. "Everything we know about evolution suggests that to get true innovation, you need small, isolated populations," says Tattersall, "which is now unthinkable."

Not only is a new human species next to impossible, but technology has essentially eliminated natural selection as well.

During prehistory, only the fittest individuals and species survived to reproduce. Now strong and weak alike have access to medicine, food and shelter of unprecedented quality and abundance. "Poor peasants in the Third World," says University of Michigan anthropologist Milford Wolpoff, "are better off than the Emperor of China was 1,000 years ago."

And technology shows no signs of slowing down, which means that even dramatic changes in the natural world won't necessarily have evolutionary consequences. Argues Wolpoff: "We're not going to [adapt to] the next ice age by changing our physical form. We'll set off an atom bomb or set up a space mirror or whatever [to control climate]." Manipulation of the human genome, meanwhile, will eventually let us change the basic characteristics of our species to order. Evolution by natural selection could be replaced, perhaps chillingly, with evolution by human intervention.

That's not to say humanity can't become extinct. A 50-mile-wide asteroid crashing down from space would do it. So could a sudden and thorough collapse of earth's ecosystem through pollution, deforestation and the like—unless we establish some colonies in space beforehand. But whatever happens, the long history of multiple hominid species struggling for supremacy on earth is over. After millions of years, evolution by natural selection, operating blindly and randomly, has produced a creature capable of overturning evolution itself. Where we go from here is now up to us. —With reporting by Martha de la Cal/Lisbon, Peter Hawthorne/Cape Town, Edward Owen/Madrid and Simon Robinson/Addis Ababa



any hint of Neanderthal language. Most telling of all, *Homo sapiens* began, some 40,000 years ago, to create art in an astonishing variety of forms, including cave paintings and female statuettes.

All this, Tattersall and others believe, represents a single, profound change: the development of symbolic thought. "Art, symbols, music, notation, language, feelings of mystery, mastery of diverse materials and sheer cleverness: all these attributes, and more, were foreign to the Neanderthals and are native to us," he writes in his 1998 book, *Becoming Human*. For the first time, innovation was a routine part of human life that could easily be shared with others—not just something

Stephen Jay Gould

Dorothy, It's Really Oz

A pro-creationist decision in Kansas is more than a blow against Darwin

THE KANSAS BOARD OF EDUCATION VOTED 6 TO 4 TO REMOVE evolution, and the Big Bang theory as well, from the state's science curriculum. In so doing, the board transported its jurisdiction to a never-never land where a Dorothy of the new millennium might exclaim, "They still call it Kansas, but I don't think we're in the real world anymore." The new standards do not forbid the teaching of evolution, but the subject will no longer be included in statewide tests for evaluating students—a virtual guarantee, given the realities of education, that this central concept of biology will be diluted or eliminated, thus reducing courses to something like chemistry without the periodic table, or American history without Lincoln.

The Kansas skirmish marks the latest episode of a long struggle by religious Fundamentalists and their allies to restrict or eliminate the teaching of evolution in public schools—a misguided effort that our courts have quashed at each stage, and that saddens both scientists and most theologians. No scientific theory, including evolution, can pose any threat to religion—for these two great tools of human understanding operate in complementary (not contrary) fashion in their totally separate realms: science as an inquiry about the factual state of the natural world, religion as a search for spiritual meaning and ethical values.

In the early 1920s, several states simply forbade the teaching of evolution outright, opening an epoch that inspired the infamous 1925 Scopes trial (leading to the conviction of a Tennessee high school teacher) and that ended only in 1968, when the Supreme Court declared such laws unconstitutional on First Amendment grounds. In a second round in the late 1970s, Arkansas and Louisiana required that if evolution be taught, equal time must be given to *Genesis* literalism, masquerading as oxymoronic "creation science." The Supreme Court likewise rejected those laws in 1987.

The Kansas decision represents creationism's first—and surely temporary—success with a third strategy for subverting a constitutional imperative: that by simply deleting, but not formally banning, evolution, and by not demanding instruction in a biblically literalist "alternative," their narrowly partisan religious motivations might not derail their goals.

Given this protracted struggle, Americans of goodwill might be excused for supposing that some genuine scientific or philosophical dispute motivates this issue: Is evolution speculative and ill founded? Does evolution threaten our ethical values or our sense of life's meaning? As a paleontologist by training, and with abiding respect for religious tra-

ditions, I would raise three points to alleviate these worries:

First, no other Western nation has endured any similar movement, with any political clout, against evolution—a subject taught as fundamental, and without dispute, in all other countries that share our major sociocultural traditions.

Second, evolution is as well documented as any phenomenon in science, as strongly as the earth's revolution around the sun rather than vice versa. In this sense, we can call evolution a "fact." (Science does not deal in certainty, so "fact" can only mean a proposition affirmed to such a high degree that it would be perverse to withhold one's provisional assent.)

The major argument advanced by the school board—that large-scale evolution must be dubious because the process has not been directly observed—smacks of absurdity and only reveals ignorance about the nature of science. Good science integrates observation with inference. No process that unfolds over such long stretches of time (mostly, in this case, before humans appeared), or at an infinitude beneath our powers of direct visualization (subatomic particles, for example), can be seen directly. If justification required eyewitness testimony, we would have no sciences of deep time—no geology, no ancient human history either. (Should I believe Julius Caesar ever existed? The hard bony evidence for human evolution, as described in the preceding pages, surely exceeds our reliable documentation of Caesar's life.)

Third, no factual discovery of science (statements about how nature "is") can, in principle, lead us to ethical conclusions (how we "ought" to behave) or to convictions about intrinsic meaning (the "purpose" of our lives). These last two questions—and what more important inquiries could we make?—lie firmly in the domains of religion, philosophy and humanistic study. Science and religion should be equal, mutually respecting partners, each the master of its own domain, and with each domain vital to human life in a different way.

Why get excited over this latest episode in the long, sad history of American anti-intellectualism? Let me suggest that, as patriotic Americans, we should cringe in embarrassment that, at the dawn of a new, technological millennium, a jurisdiction in our heartland has opted to suppress one of the greatest triumphs of human discovery. Evolution is not a peripheral subject but the central organizing principle of all biological science. No one who has not read the Bible or the Bard can be considered educated in Western traditions; so no one ignorant of evolution can understand science.

Dorothy followed her yellow brick road as it spiraled outward toward redemption and homecoming (to the true Kansas of our dreams and possibilities). The road of the newly adopted Kansas curriculum can only spiral inward toward restriction and ignorance. ■



Stephen Jay Gould is a professor of geology at Harvard and *New York University*. His most recent book is *Rocks of Ages: Science and Religion in the Fullness of Life* (Crown; \$19.95).



RALLY ONE Vespa enthusiasts gather in San Diego last month

LIVING

Vroom of One's Own

A throwback to the Mod era, Vespas and other sleek scooters are finding new fans. Step on it!

By HARRIET BAROVICK

IN THE PARKING LOT OF A USUALLY STaid Portuguese meeting hall in San Diego, Calif., the Violent Femmes blare from a corner amp as the putt-putting of engines competes with the squealing of high-pitched horns. Many dozens of motor scooters in burgundies, grays and greens line the parking lot, displaying favored ornaments—a Tinky Winky doll hanging from one, a picture of Rocky and Bullwinkle's Natasha from another. Ahhh, the smell of exhaust fumes from tiny tailpipes. Welcome to the Vespa Club of America's annual rally, which recently drew nearly 300 motor scooterists from all over the U.S. for four days of partying, prizes and an obstacle course that required nimble riders to navigate around tires, duck under a limbo line and even bite a cherry off a swing.

Ever since Italian manufacturer Piaggio introduced the iconic scooters to the U.S. in 1951, Vespas have had a devoted following. Supplies of the bikes dwindled after a 1981 California law prohibiting their smog-emitting engines led Piaggio to stop exporting them to the U.S. in the mid-'80s. Yet de-

mand has only grown, and lately devotees have transformed a cultish affection into an unprecedented vintage-scooter revival. Sales of old and restored Vespas and Lambrettas (no longer produced) have more than tripled since 1996, averaging \$3,500 each.

This summer scooters have become a hot accessory, popping up in movies (*American Pie*, the new *Austin Powers*), fashion spreads, music videos and ads (Doe Martens, IBM). Especially popular on both coasts, Vespas are a favored toy of such celebrities as Ellen DeGeneres (girlfriend Anne Heche gave her one) and Jerry Seinfeld (who paid some \$10,000 for his rare 1962 Grand Sport). So popular have they become that Piaggio plans to return to the

ROMANCE: Hepburn and Peck cavort in *Roman Holiday*

U.S. market with environmentally compliant Vespas in 2000. "This is the year for scooters," says Erik Larson of the Scooter Shop in Orange, Calif., one of only about 20 shops in the U.S. that restore and sell the bikes. "I can't keep them on the floor."

Part of it is pure nostalgia. At the height of scooter mania in the 1950s, the sleek, steel-framed bikes were symbols of romantic escapism. Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn putted through Rome on a Vespa in *Roman Holiday*; it was a favorite toy of Hollywood's elite, including Gary Cooper and Jayne Mansfield. In 1960s England, while big, grease-sputtering Harleys were ridden by leather-clad Rockers, elegant Vespas were the signature of their archrivals—and regular rumble opponents—the fashionable Mods.

Now a '90s-tinged Mod look is the scene in clubs around the country. Vintage scooter riders with a penchant for the Who, '60s soul and contemporary Britpop bands like Blur and Oasis are let into many of these clubs for free—it's good for the atmosphere. Piper Ferguson, a promoter at Hollywood's Cafe Bleu, says that on some nights as many as 100 twentysomethings—sporting shiny sharkskin suits, pointy Beattles boots and tattoos—line up their bikes in the club lot. But Vespa fanatics include businessmen, middle-aged women and just regular guys. Hairstylist Robert Winslow, 29, moved from a roomy loft in New York City's tony TriBeCa to a dingier but more spacious Brooklyn apartment without a kitchen, strictly to accommodate his vintage bikes. "I'm obsessive," he says. "My place is pretty much a garage." In May, Mike Frankovich, 25, a student and founder of the Hollywood Rat Pack scooter club, rode the entire length of U.S. Route 66 on his Vespa P200E.

Vintage scooterists scorn the strictly practical Hondas and Yamahas—and dub them "Tupperware." Possessing more cachet are new bikes that boast classic style but modern components, like ItalJet's Velocifero and Dragster models, favorites of Michael Stipe and Martha Stewart. ("Vintage without the repairs," says ItalJet USA's Joel Sacher.) Even these don't cut it with diehards like New York lawyer Tom Giordano. "Finding a charming, rusted-out relic and turning it into a jewel," he says, "that's a big part of the love affair."

—With reporting by Jeffrey Ressler/San Diego



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T E L E V I S I O N

Bio Sphere

To fill airtime and feed our love of celebrity, more and more cable networks are doing lives—and shaping the way we view history

By JAMES PONIEWOZIK

IN MANHATTAN'S GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, Lucille Ball, Albert Einstein, Neil Armstrong and 26 others whirl around and around in an unending cycle. The spectacle is an art exhibition—"The Turn of the Century," a carousel adorned with 20th century pop and historical images—but you could be excused for mistaking it for a typical day's television programming. With more than a dozen biography programs feeding the audience's seemingly bottomless lust for lives, cable has likewise become a vast merry-go-round where the life stories of Roosevelts and Roseannes pop up constantly and with equal prominence.

"The Turn of the Century" is sponsored by the cable network A&E, which is only appropriate considering that the channel helped spawn TV's biomania with its 12-year-old *Biography*. This franchise draws A&E's highest prime-time ratings and has spun off CDs, videos, a digital all-bio channel and a magazine whose readership A&E places at more than 2 million. The program's thesis is simple: people are more interested in history that has a famous face on it. "We live in an age of celebrity," says Michael Cascio, A&E's senior vice president for programming. "That's how people define an era; that's how they define their own life, by the people in it."

Biography, nominated for three Emmys this year, has produced some 700 shows informed by an old-fashioned catholic approach. It assumes one united audience

that will appreciate Ivan the Terrible as well as Andre the Giant. The newer trend, however, is the bio-niche. We have TNN's *The Life and Times of...* and CMT's *CMT Showcase* (country music, though *Life* has branched out); MTV's *BiOrhythm* and VH1's triple threat, *Where Are They Now?*, *Before They Were Rock Stars* and the flagship *Behind the Music* (pop music); Lifetime's *Intimate Portrait* (women); CNN's *Pinnacle and Movers* (business); and Fox Family Channel's *Famous Families* (guess). C-SPAN's *American Presidents* profiles the 41 Chief Executives in order—though it won't, alas, cover Grover Cleveland in two non-consecutive broadcasts.

Who's next?, you're thinking. Comedy Central? Actually, this month the network launched *A Comic Life* with a Steve Martin bio narrated by director Ivan Reitman, whose decidedly unfunny unctuousness ("You make audiences laugh all day, all over the world...") made one long for the days when comics would salute their peers by getting drunk and insulting them.

Saturation? Not in the eyes of viewers—many of the programs pull down their network's highest ratings—or of the new competitors and big names jumping on the bandwagon. This fall VH1 adds *The Road to Fame*, on rising bands; CNBC is preparing the as yet unscheduled *In Profile with Bob Costas*, on sports, entertainment and (especially) business luminaries; and MSNBC launches *Headliners & Legends* with Matt Lauer (one hour every weeknight) on Sept. 27. "I can't honestly say there will be huge differences" between *Headliners* and existing shows, concedes executive producer Tim Uehlinger. "It's taking what *Biogra-*



If It's Shania, This Must Be ...

Flip on the tube, and you can have your choice of several biographies at once—and after a few hours, all

those baby pictures start to look the same. Confused? Here's a guide to telling your Profiles from your Portraits.

	PROGRAM	DESCRIPTION	TOP-RATED BIO	MADONNA BIO?
A&E	<i>Biography</i>	Thorough and serious, this Ur-bio show covers everyone from Popes to pop stars	Ozzie and Harriet Nelson	Yes
BRAVO	<i>Bravo Profiles</i>	Arts-and-entertainment profiles for the bourgeoisie and boomers, focusing on the creative process	Michael Flatley, Lord of the Dance	Coming (Aug. 25)
E!	<i>E! True Hollywood Story</i>	Hollywood Babylon stories that dish heavily and often. It's not great art, but it's fine television	The Brady Bunch	Coming (Aug. 29)
LIFE	<i>Intimate Portrait</i>	With uncritical profiles of "women of substance," it's a big steaming bowl of chicken soup for the female soul	Jessica Savitch	No
VH1	<i>Behind the Music</i>	Heavy on tales of rever and rehab that make music stardom look like a terminal diagnosis	Shania Twain	Yes

phy does so well and *Behind the Music* does so well another step forward." But he hopes to use NBC's video archives to turn around episodes quickly in response to news events, in addition to a regular lineup of more time-consuming, in-depth newsmaker and entertainer profiles.

THE TEARFUL INTERVIEWS, THE wedding footage and—that sine qua non money shot—the baby pictures: it can be hard for the uninitiated to tell the shows apart. But there are identifiable categories. Educational, middlebrow offerings like *Biography* and PBS's *American Masters* aim to be definitive (and, more rarely, hard-hitting), while entertainment channels tend toward frothy love letters like *CMT Showcase*. Others are hybrids, like Bravo's brainy *Bravo Profiles*, which delves into artists' creative processes—it's fan mail, but in iambic pentameter. Likewise, *Intimate Portrait* has a classy roster of "women of substance," which it treats with extreme deference and the Lilith Fair aesthetics of a SnackWell's commercial. "We don't claim to be journalism," says Dawn Tarnofsky-Ostroff, Lifetime's executive vice president of entertainment. "We have a very specific point of view, in the subject's own words."

Last and hardly least, the But-the-

Good-Times-Were-Not-Meant-to-Last genre relies on stars' generous willingness to drink, go bankrupt and have their houses burned down in order to create hypnotic TV. *Behind the Music* delivers on the credits' promise of "Fame ... Passion ... Heartbreak ... Success ... Glory" with an Aristotelian three-act structure—rise, fall and rehab—and florid narration: Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers "came out of the South—driven by jangling guitars and led by a rock-'n'-roll rebel!" E!'s *True Hollywood Story* is tart and eager to dish dirt. Compare an *Intimate Portrait* on Natalie Wood, filled with warm family reminiscences, with E!'s dark narrative of despair and drugs that pulled the series' second-highest rating. "Some of our stories end happily, some don't," says E! vice president of original programming Betsy Rott. "We're not afraid to tell the complete story." And Fame, Passion, Heartbreak, and so on have their rewards: *Story* began running nightly this month; *BTM*, which has improved its Sunday-night time slot's ratings 221% since 1997, went to twice a night in May.

Bio programming pays off in more than ratings. In a nutshell: life is cheap. For cable channels, which lack the deep pockets of their broadcast counterparts, bios are TV Helper. Jason Goodman, a former producer for *BTM*, says an episode costs around \$150,000;

a biographical movie can cost a few million dollars. The cooperation of the subject can defray costs, not only by allowing extensive interviews but also by providing free, all-important photos. Many biography shows will proceed only with the subject's approval. E! and A&E, which do some shows without cooperation—"It's *Biography*, not *Autobiography*," A&E's Cascio likes to say—contend that gives them independence; others say cooperation only improves the final product. But in a *BTM* on Madonna, says the episode's producer, Goodman, "cooperation" meant the star got approval over interviewees. Executive producer Gay Rosenthal responds, "On rare occasions there has been editorial input, but if I felt it compromised the show, I wouldn't do it."

Life is also like a box of chocolates—and no lousy nine-piece assortment either. The modern star machine and the graveyard of history offer a huge store of subjects, even if a series creates episodes at a 50- or 100-a-year clip. Still, shows are beginning to repeat one another's material. David Wolper, who produced the classic *Biography* (the forebear of A&E's) with Mike Wallace in the 1960s, enjoys many of the new shows but jokes, "One of these days, my dentist is going to be on there."

But what are these shows teaching

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us, besides Cher's marital record? In part, they may be encouraging us to focus more than we already do on personalities: to understand the world by examining not processes or social forces but the actions of famous individuals. Many bio shows, of course, make no bones about being plain entertainment, but even higher-minded ones are about celebrity: political celebrities, historical celebrities, religious celebrities (*Biography* has profiled Jesus and Satan). The camera and the picture tube have affected the way we view history: as a carousel of well-known faces. And lately, those faces are as likely to be entertainers as world leaders. To the average American, was the '50s the age of Ike or of Elvis?

INDEED, PART OF THE FASCINATION of the fluffier shows is precisely that they treat the pop culture by which we keep our internal calendars as real history. Sure, it's funny to hear El trumpet "the meteoric rise and turbulent run of *Three's Company*," as if it were the Manchu dynasty, but then again, Jack, Janet and Chrissy offer a pretty sharp picture of post-sexual-revolution America. In fact, the bio shows are often at their best—and most successful, ratings-wise—when chronicling TV itself: Ozzie and Harriet on A&E, journalist Jessica Savitch on Lifetime. Even veteran producer Wolper says a TV bio is no substitute for a book: "You forget half of it by the next day." In the end, bio shows may be better at presenting the little picture, showing us how other people—people with bigger cars and more cosmetic surgery than the rest of us—contend with life. Their popularity, says MTV executive vice president Brian Graden, "may be a reaction to a world in which people are moving too fast and with too much input." (Graden, note, works for MTV.)

Educational or not, the success of biography shows seems to have inspired a retro entertainment trend: bio movies. VH1 has begun a series of "true rock story" movies—the second, on Ricky Nelson, debuts Aug. 22—and A&E will air the four-hour biofiction *P.T. Barnum*, starring Beau Bridges, in September. The thirst for bio TV could finally subside, but thus far audiences have proved, as A&E's protagonist might say, that there's a, um, viewer born every minute. And a corresponding need for stories. You might just want to hang on to your baby pictures.

—With reporting by Harriet Barovick/New York and Joanne McDowell/Los Angeles

Rock-'n'-Roll Confidential

WHEN VH1 PROGRAMMING CHIEF JEFF GASPIN CAME UP WITH THE IDEA for a documentary series that would help resurrect his then flagging network, he didn't anticipate that the show would also help resurrect his musician subjects' careers. But with its addictive human-interest stories of adversity (bankruptcies, addictions, arson!) and redemption (rehab, comebacks, band reunions!), *Behind the Music* has done both.

A big part of *BTM*'s appeal is that the artists—from scandalized lip-synchers Milli Vanilli (whose story kicked off the series in August 1997) to Heart to Shania Twain—talk candidly about, well, pretty much everything. Mothers and fathers and siblings and lovers spill too. Because artists often own the rights to their songs—and *BTM* relies on them for permission to use that music—VH1 won't do the show without their cooperation.

What motivates rockers to relive their most painful moments on TV? For one, fans respond viscerally to hearing stars speak openly about personal obstacles. "They appreciated getting to know me more personally," says Donna Summer, who detailed her battle with depression. And it doesn't hurt that fans express their appreciation with cash. Sales of Lynyrd Skynyrd's 1977 *Street Survivors* more than doubled the week after its show premiered. In June, Tony Orlando took out a full-page ad in *Variety* to thank *BTM* for reviving his career.



SEX, DRUGS & RATINGS: Milli Vanilli, top, an early hit; Madonna made it hip

Madonna agreed to be a *BTM* subject last season, says executive producer Gay Rosenthal, "the perception really changed from that of a series about has-beens to one for current artists." Recent subjects have included Melissa Etheridge, Lenny Kravitz, Cher and the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Critics say *BTM* sometimes sensationalizes. Jason Goodman, who produced the Madonna and Cher episodes, says he had to fight for the relatively low-key Heart show: "They aren't as interested in artists who haven't made tabloid headlines." Before his show aired, Lenny Kravitz was at a loss to guess the angle: "I hadn't killed anyone, and I wasn't broke or on heroin, so I wondered what they'd focus on." The show detailed his divorce from actress Lisa Bonet and the death of his mother. Still, Kravitz, like most *BTM* subjects, was pleased. Says Rosenthal: "Everyone benefits." Especially VH1. A half-hour *BTM* spin-off for newer bands, *The Road to Fame*, will air this fall.

—By Harriet Barovick



LIFE-OR-DEATH: One of the daring competitors in *Godforsaken Sea*

those conditions they'll jibe the boat, with the spinnaker—at night, in the dark alone!" Getting home alive was victory enough in the 1996-'97 race. Sixteen boats started from Biscay; nine finished. A Canadian sailor, Gerry Roufs, vanished in the Southern Ocean like a distant light winking out. The elaborate communications web binding Roufs' boat to the

race's land handlers simply went dead.

Lundy's knowledge of sea lore and history is rich, his pace perfect, his intelligence full of energy. He differentiates each sailor with a novelist's touch. When Frenchman Raphaël Dinelli's *Algimous* capsized in a storm in the Southern Ocean, he managed to get on top of the inverted hull and cling there. The story of his rescue by his English competitor Pete Goss—who bravely turned back into the teeth of a force-10 gale and beat to windward until he located Dinelli—is one of those anecdotes of miracle that can be enacted only in an intense theater of life-or-death.

The Hungry Ocean (Hyperion; 261 pages; \$22.95) is a much quieter ride. It is written by Linda Greenlaw, a commercial fisherman who is as accomplished at her form of seamanship as the sailors of the Vendée Globe are at theirs. In *The Perfect Storm*—an account of the savage Halloween gale of 1991 in the Atlantic off Massachusetts—author Sebastian Junger described Greenlaw as "one of the best sea captains, period, on the East Coast." *The Hungry Ocean* is Greenlaw's account of a 30-day trip aboard the 100-ft. sword boat *Hannah*

BOOKS

Captains Courageous

The sea is an endurance test, a way of living and an avenger in three gripping adventure tales

By LANCE MORROW

LATE 20TH CENTURY ENTREPRENEURS have invented some high-adrenaline sports—hang-gliding, say, or canyoning. But the riskiest adventure is still to set forth upon open water and take a chance when, as the great single-handed sailor Joshua Slocum wrote a century ago, "the sea is in its grandest mood."

The experience may provoke grand writing, as it does in three new nautical sagas. *Godforsaken Sea* (Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill; 272 pages; \$22.95) is one of the best books ever written about sailing—in this case the extreme sailing required to go around the world solo in the toughest of all sailboat races, the Vendée Globe. Aboard wide-beamed, thin-hulled, 60-ft. racing machines—surfboards for maniacs, once they get to the 50-ft. waves of the Southern Ocean, which surrounds Antarctica—the Vendée Globe competitors are bound by brutally simple rules. They stipulate one boat, one person, no help, no stops, first

home wins. The 27,000-mile course starts in November in the Bay of Biscay on the coast of France; points south through the horse latitudes and doldrums, past Africa to the bottom of the world; rounds Cape Horn; then turns north to home. The race takes 3½ to five months.

In *Godforsaken Sea*, Derek Lundy, a gifted Canadian writer and amateur sailor, tells the story of the 1996-'97 Vendée Globe. It gives readers the adrenaline rush of what Lundy calls "apocalyptic sailing." The sailors' skill is astonishing. "These are guys," an observer tells Lundy, "who can go downwind in 30 knots of wind, surfing on 20-ft. seas, carrying a spinnaker and full mainsail. And in

NARRATIVES ABOUT MEN, WOMEN AND SURVIVING THE ELEMENTS

TITLE: *Godforsaken Sea*

AUTHOR: Derek Lundy

THE SAGA: A vivid account of the 1996-'97 running of a perilous, solo-sailor, round-the-world race



TITLE: *The Hungry Ocean*

AUTHOR: Linda Greenlaw

THE SAGA: The 30-day voyage of a commercial fishing crew, through the eyes of its savvy female leader



TITLE: *Dark Wind*

AUTHOR: Gordon Chaplin

THE SAGA: The disquieting memoir of an adulterous love affair and the typhoon that destroyed it



BOOKS

Boden as it steams out with a five-man crew from the Massachusetts coast to the Grand Banks and then strings out 40 miles of line to catch swordfish. The book brims with the expertise of commercial fishing—and is especially interesting on Greenlaw's championship knack for reading subtle changes in water temperatures to find where the fish are. The captain radiates brisk sanity and humor. Being a woman, she declares, is "no big deal" (though Greenlaw, 38, writes wistfully now and then of wanting to get married and raise children). As captain, she relies on the authority of her competence and her obvious gift for command, whether she is mediating a racial feud among crewmen or pushing them beyond their exhaustion to fill the boat.

In the third book, *Dark Wind: A Survivor's Tale of Love and Loss* (Atlantic Monthly Press; 225 pages; \$23), author Gordon Chaplin is an Ishmael—perhaps merely an incompetent—who lives after the boat goes down and, haunted, tells the story.

The tale is this: in middle age Chaplin, a journalist, and Susan Atkinson, a nurse married to Chaplin's college roommate, embark upon "an illicit, dangerous romance." In 1989, after years of landlocked child-rearing (four daughters between them), they leave their marriages and decide, like the owl and the pussycat, to set off to sea in the 36-ft. double-ended motor-sailor *Lord Jim*. Throughout the chronicle blow dark gusts of both families' anger and disapproval—bad emotional weather that is the underlying motif of Chaplin's memoir, even when tropical sun shines on the romantic fugitives.

While Chaplin and Atkinson are anchored at Wotho, an obscure spot in the Marshall Islands, Typhoon Gay roars in. There is sanctuary ashore in the island's church, which is strong enough to withstand the wind. The couple decide to stay onboard to try to ride out the storm at anchor. Not smart. The typhoon makes directly for Wotho Island, rips loose *Lord Jim* and its middle-aged lovers (who have not even got their life jackets inflated and strapped on properly). The typhoon beats the boat to pieces on the coral. It tears Susan from the feckless Gordon's arms. She goes under. He lives somehow.

Dark Wind, a heartbreaking, infuriating book, draws its narrative power from the reader's ambivalence about whether to weep with Chaplin or break his neck. ■



HANSEN: Serious fun with myth and science

The Girl from Atlantis

An adroit portrayal of a hypnotist undone by a 13-year-old patient



DR. AUGUST PERLMAN'S new patient is a doozy, a 13-year-old girl with two personalities. One has a morbid fear of water; the other insists that she is a survivor of the mythic deluge that engulfed continental Atlantis millennia

before humans got around to organizing memory into history. Order a brain scan or a cocktail of antipsychotics? Neither choice is likely, not because the gorgon at the HMO refuses to sign off on the procedures but because Dr. Perlman's clinic for the interestingly unhinged is located in low-tech London at the beginning of the 20th century.

In *Perlman's Ordeal* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 329 pages; \$24), novelist Brooks Hansen has some serious fun imagining the case of Sylvie Blum, a.k.a. Nina, the pubescent bringer of confusion and disarray into the physician's otherwise detached and antiseptic existence. As a hypnotist, Perlman is a hands-off healer. As a closet onanist, he is a hands-on pioneer of safe sex.

The doctor's true passion is listening to classical music, preferably that composed by the great melodists of the 19th century. The literary equivalent of melody is, of course, story, the engaging what-next of narrative prose. Hansen's tersely told tale hangs expectantly on the outcome of Mistress Blum's treatment, which unexpectedly includes the arcane input of the enchanting Madame Helena Barrett and her spiritualist friends.

Naturally, Perlman has his rationalist assumptions upended. Hansen's serio-comic hero is another good poke at the preening self-confidence of science, in this case the budding efforts at the turn of the century to systematize the study of the mind.

Hansen deftly conveys these early probings at the border of myth and medicine. The sticky part of the novel is meshing Perlman's conventional musical opinions with his then radical psychology and the hocus-pocus of Sylvie/Nina's deep dive into legendary Atlantis. When the themes are eventually resolved in a kind of hypno-séance, Perlman's conflicted nature is dramatically illustrated. The music lover in the good doctor reacts against unmelodic compositions, while his physician side wants to reduce the lyrics of the subconscious to tuneless abstractions. He appears to have caught an incurable but nonfatal case of modern irony. But for a more thorough analysis, Perlman will have to survive until 1938, the year Sigmund Freud moves to London.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

FROM OUR STAFF



Ophelia, Europa, Pan, Puck—these are just a few of the 62 moons found or explored by NASA's missions to the other planets in our solar system. In *Journey Beyond* (the Greek word for our moon), TIME senior writer Jeffrey Kluger tells the behind-the-scenes story of the expeditions and the astonishing, even revolutionary, discoveries that resulted. ■

CINEMA

BROKEDOWN PALACE Directed by Jonathan Kaplan High school grads Alice (Claire Danes) and Darlene (Kate Beckinsale) lark off to Thailand, where



DANES AND BECKINSALE: BROKEDOWN PALACE

they get framed on a heroin rap. The dank, formulaic script allows few of the moral ambiguities of 1998's *Return to Paradise* (there the country was Malaysia, and the American prisoner sort of

guilty). The tale also has little of the pulpy juice of the B-movies Kaplan made in the '70s. The only guilty pleasure is watching Danes' wildly noble emoting. Her tears are as strong as a porn queen's orgasm.

—By Richard Corliss

ILLUMINATA Directed by John Turturro The setting is a 19th century, New York City theatrical company, but this utterly

beguiling film has a European manner about it. Everyone in it is either darkly obsessive or madly grand. The story—Turturro is a playwright struggling to finish a play—is an excuse for a lot of ill-considered, utterly forgivable behavior by a wonderful cast, in which Katherine Borowitz is calmly radiant as the company's leading lady, Christopher Walken deliriously funny as a drama critic. The direction is self-consciously sober, lending an odd, artful weight to the prevailing giddiness.

—By Richard Schickel



OBJECT FOUND



ISIS, THEREFORE I STAPLE: The Egyptian goddess Isis put her torn-to-pieces husband back together—big shoes for a stapler to fill. But Julian Brown, the British designer of Isis, has a history of creating ambitious office supplies: he gave us Hannibal, the similarly spiffy tape dispenser. When stood on her nose, the front-loading, translucent Isis (\$68) rocks gently back and forth, making her the ideal accessory for the desk of the overpaid but underworked.

—By Belinda Luscombe

cum-diary, she is attempting to figure out a tumultuous love affair. But while this subject has been handled much better by more sophisticated writers, the author really comes alive in her sharp descriptions of the deadly pettiness of office life: who sits with whom in the company cafeteria; what the people who answer the phones really think; and how a drone can actually blossom into a happy, fulfilled, creative human being.

—By Elizabeth Gleick

MUSIC

REMEDY Basement Jaxx Listening to this album by the hyped British house-music



duo is something like conducting a Web search and turning up 5,461 entries, most of them useless. There's a lot happening on the album—Latin rhythms, rock, funky bass lines—but in the end most of it seems to contain only small bits of what you originally set out to find. The best songs are driven by strong vocal performances that humanize the material. The rest make you feel as if you're imprisoned in a cheesy version of *The Matrix*.

—By Christopher John Farley

TELEVISION

FRANK LEAVES FOR THE ORIENT Comedy Central, Thursdays Cross *Ulysses* with *Herman's Head*, and you might get this inventive "stream of consciousness," six-episode comedy. A thirtyish commitment-phobe takes a job teaching English in Japan and has three days to break up with his girlfriend, quit his job and sell everything he owns. But his friends, his family—even his stuff—are not ready to let him go before he harrowingly confronts every neurosis and shortcoming of his soon-to-be-former life through the sometimes labored but often quite funny fantasy sequences in this mini-epic of indecision.

—By James Poniewozik



INTRODUCING DOROTHY DANDRIGE

HBO, Aug. 21 Producing the story of the first black woman to receive an Oscar nomination as Best Actress was a labor of love for Halle Berry. Maybe too much love, as the end product is a devoted but ultimately dull hagiopic. Berry is vivacious and hungry as Dandridge, and Brent Spiner is affecting as her dedicated manager; but a flat script and uninteresting narrative (rendered in flashback as Berry flips through a scrapbook) throw ice water on the heat its subject is supposed to project.

—J.P.



BOOKS

RINGING FOR YOU By Anouchka Grosz Forrester Office drones of the world, unite!

This clever first novel is narrated by a nameless young woman who is killing time and brain cells by working as a receptionist at the stuffy Academy of Material Science in London. Pouring her heart out in a novel-





Joshua Quittner

A Palmy Import

Pision's new 5mx is a personal digital assistant that will let you browse the Web or get e-mail

MY PAL BENENSON, WHO IS THE WORLD'S LEADING expert in most things, called me over the weekend. "I just got a new Palm IIIe," he bragged, referring to the popular pocket-size digital organizer. He was particularly pleased with the price (\$229). I waited, for cruel effect, then asked, "Is it too late to return it?" I am such a blowhard.

It's not that he paid too much, or that the device is subpar. But if I were in the market for a personal digital assistant, I'd wait. I told Benenson

what I can't tell you, since I'm bound by one of those stupid nondisclosure agreements. O.K., I can tell you this much: very soon, Handspring, a Palo Alto, Calif., company founded by the folks who built the original, brilliant PalmPilot, will be launching its own PDA. And if it's as good as it looks in demos, I can't imagine why anyone would want to buy anything else.

Perhaps I'm being hasty. Who knows if the thing will really work? Still, I'd hate to be 3Com. Its venerable Palm line is under siege from an army of cheap digital assistants that run the competing Windows CE operating system. And last week a dark horse arrived from Pision Inc., a company based in England whose palmtops are especially popular outside the U.S. The 12.5-oz. device is the Pision 5mx (\$549, list) and runs on a clever 32-bit operating system called Epoc, which has legions of devotees, just like Palm's OS. Epoc, you should know, was developed by a consortium called Symbian (which includes Nokia, Ericsson and Motorola), and is being positioned as the platform for next-generation cell phones—a distinct possibility since those manufacturers produce 80% of the world's mobile phones. That's probably why Microsoft referred to Pision as its "No. 1 global threat" in an internal memo last year.

I've been fooling around with the 5mx and find it a generally agreeable machine. It's twice as powerful as its predecessor, runs for 35 hours on two AA batteries and has a built-in voice recorder that amused



PISION'S 5MX gets you online wirelessly—If your cell phone is compatible with it

my children and thrilled my friends. Geeks will also appreciate Epoc's support for Java. Non-geeks will be happy that it's compatible with most Microsoft programs, including Word and Outlook, and is easy to synch through a cable to your applications on a desktop computer.

But the 5mx's coolest feature by far is this: you can get your e-mail or browse the Web wirelessly through a cell phone. The gadget connects to a cell phone via its infrared port; then you can dial out to any Internet service provider. That said, there are only a few mobile phones at the moment that support this feature. I tried it with the Ericsson 1888 World Phone (\$300), and it worked fine, though moving data at 9,600 bits per second felt glacial. Also, the e-mail program that came with the palmtop was clumsy—after you download messages, you need to transfer them to another queue to read. (Will someone please fix this?)

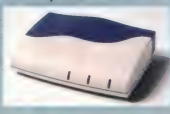
Unlike other palmtops, Pision has a built-in keyboard; others use handwriting recognition for data input, which many people (like me) find tedious. However, while my stubby fingers fit comfortably on the keys, the action was sticky, and I frequently found myself retying words. Still, I would definitely consider buying a 5mx, especially if I were a globetrotter. But since I'm not and I know what's on the horizon, I'm just going to wait.

For more on palmtop computers, see our website at timedigital.com. Got a question for Josh? E-mail him at jquitt@well.com

TEMPTING TUNES RealNetworks is making it harder than ever to resist the allure of digital music. Last week it announced a \$30 version of its popular RealJukebox music player and recorder (available at real.com), which lets people make exact digital replicas of songs from their CDs in the MP3 format, with no degradation of sound quality—an MP3 first. With a 10-band graphic equalizer, users can fine-tune playback; new "skins" (colorful covers) can also be superimposed on the user interface so it looks as spiffy as the music sounds.



WE INTERRUPT THIS CALL ... Ever miss a call because you were online and didn't have a separate telephone line? With Actiontec's new 56K Call Waiting Modem (\$130), you'll never miss a call again. The phone actually rings while you're surfing away. If you choose to answer, you have seven seconds to take a message and get back to your e-mail. But what if the call is from a cute guy asking you out for a date? Then keep talking, and let the modem silently disconnect your online session. Phew!



SO MANY BARGAINS, SO LITTLE TIME

If you crave good deals but can't bother clipping ads, ShoppingList.com may help. The site scans ads placed in newspapers by department, sports and drug stores in 26 metro areas from Boston to San Diego; then it picks out specials and neatly arranges them by category so you can find a deal in seconds. We thought early listings on this new site were a bit sparse, but it's still a handy shopping guide.

—By Anita Hamilton



**At some intersections
you never know who
you're going to bump into.**

Any busy intersection will see its share of accidents. But at some intersections car crashes are so common, they're almost routine. State Farm Insurance has identified ten of the most crash-prone intersections in the entire nation* and we're offering grants totalling \$1.2 million to help make improvements at each and every one. It's all part of our commitment as the world's largest auto insurer to help make drivers and their families as safe as they can be. For a complete map and photos of some of the nation's most crash-prone intersections, see www.statefarm.com.

*Figures for crash-prone intersections based on 1996 State Farm auto claims data.



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TIMEX
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ALARM WATCH



Step 1
Turn ring.

Step 2
Pull crown.

SO SIMPLE, WE SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF IT YEARS AGO.



Amy Dickinson

Reunion Rules

Gather your clan on neutral ground. Keep the kids happy. And don't pull Uncle Bud's finger

I HAVE BEEN TO ONLY ONE FAMILY REUNION, A WEEK-END affair on the beautiful farm of one of my favorite aunts. The setting was perfect, with plenty of games, food and swimming. I was primed for a fabulous party, and then I noticed that my relatives were showing up. I remember pulling up to the reunion in a rental car, looking at the gathering clan and thinking, "What are they doing here?" So first a warning: if you attend a family reunion, there is every likelihood that you will see your family there.

That includes wacky Uncle "Pull my finger" Bud. "You've gained weight!" he'll say by way of greeting. You will engage in long conversations with people you've never met, about people you'll never meet.

You will be asked repeatedly about your divorce. You will spend hours trying to figure out the difference between a first cousin once removed and a second cousin. You will feign interest in opera, NASCAR and gun collecting. You will, in all probability, have a wonderful time.

Some 200,000 extended families are clogging state parks and V.F.W. halls this summer, according to Reunion Research, a San Francisco-based resource. Because of the competition for venues and to give participants time to schedule their vacations, you should get started now if you're planning a reunion for next summer. Two useful resources are Reuniontips.com and Reunionsmag.com. Specialized reunion source books available in the public library provide tips on getting started, including help in finding distant relatives.

While my aunt's farm provided a lovely backdrop for our family's reunion, many planners suggest that sticky problems over "ownership" of the reunion can be averted if you choose a site on neutral ground—an attractive location equally convenient to most of the clan. As many relatives as possible should be enlisted in putting on the show, whether to cook or deliver a toast.

Children should be entertained with plenty of softball games, relay races and



FOOD SERVES TO UNITE the Limon family at its Austin, Texas, reunion

water-balloon tosses. Older kids can be recruited to help. "Remember," reunion professional Edith Wagner counseled me, "happy kids make for happy parents and grandparents." Children should be prepared to have their cheeks pinched repeatedly and to be told that they look exactly like ancestors who died decades ago.

My family reunion actually went very well, although at times it seemed more like a

Shriners' convention. I especially remember getting to know an elderly woman who was so fabulous, I couldn't believe we were related. (Later I learned we weren't.) Best of all, I found that some of my most obvious flaws, like my Groucho Marx eyebrows and perennial bad attitude, clearly are genetic. I shared this observation with a similarly afflicted cousin, and we both admitted that we felt relieved.

Tom Ninkovich, founder of Reunion Research, reminded me that at a reunion, we are participating in the ongoing story of our family. Bring scrapbooks, letters and photo albums to share, as well as old uniforms or artifacts used by ancestors. Take lots of pictures, and talk to everyone you can, especially those distant relations on the shady side of the family tree. At a minimum, you'll have something to gossip about later. But be on your best behavior, because they're sure to gossip about you too. ■

See our website at time.com/personal for more on planning your family reunion. You can e-mail Amy at timefamily@aol.com

JOBS VS. GRADES Traditional student jobs may result in teens studying less and scoring lower in math and science, Penn State researchers reported last week. And benefits from after-school jobs, such as practical application of math, are less available because of increased reliance on equipment like coded-key registers. So if your kids have to work, make sure they hit the books before they punch the clock.



IS DIVORCE INHERITED? Children of divorce have long been more likely to get divorced than children whose parents have stayed together. But that gap narrowed by more than half between 1973 and 1996, according to a study published last week by a University of Utah professor. Among the reasons

Divorce rate among those who grew up in:

- Two-parent family
- Divorced family



cited: society's increased tolerance for divorce, which weakens negative effects on kids, and a rise in the number of children of divorce who avoid marriage altogether.

GRAVE GRIFTERS A third of Americans over 50 have prepaid part of their burial expenses. Yet many are victims of deceptive funeral-home practices, according to a new AARP report. Despite laws requiring written price lists, 32% of customers were not offered one, and 29% were misinformed about features, such as the claim that casket liners preserve a body. AARP is calling for stricter regulation and the creation of fraud-recovery funds.

—By Daniel S. Levy





James J. Cramer

Drawing the Line

There's a difference between day trading and investing, and the media should recognize it

DO-IT-YOURSELF INVESTORS AND FULL-TIME DAY traders couldn't have less in common. One group researches stocks, tries to get comfortable with the products and the financials, and then buys and holds. The other does little research, never wants to be comfortable with the stocks, and buys and sells the stocks over and over again. Yet the media can't tell them apart. As the *New York Times* stated so inelegantly in its umpteenth article lumping together these diametrically opposed camps, they are both

part of the "do-it-yourself craze" that is causing people to lose millions and millions of dollars every day wagering on the stock market.

Both trends are new. For as long as there have been stocks, we've been taught that you need a professional broker to help figure out your finances. But the Web has brought monumental changes to investing. Individuals can trade for the same low costs as institutions and can get plenty of timely information. The Web has empowered many people to take over the reins of their portfolios.

Investing by yourself has its disadvantages. It is a solitary experience involving a subject—the market—that can be bizarre and irrational at times. Yet judging from the swollen ranks of practitioners, many people genuinely like it. They treat the stock market like a giant store, picking out their favorite merchandise, the Intels and the Ciscos, and buying when the market throws a periodic sale. They use weakness—the dips—to buy, and this has been the single best investment strategy for a decade.

The day traders, who have overnight become a reviled cohort, have an entirely different credo. They trade stocks, particularly the newer, unseasoned Dot.coms, off of "the action." They buy strength and sell weakness. A day trader can't have any conviction or belief in any company if he has to be out of the stock at the bell.

In my years of running money professionally, I always marveled at how few people could predict the direction of the next point or two. Irrational factors,



OVER TIME day traders go broke. Investors go wherever they want to

chance motions and temporary buy-and-sell imbalances are almost impossible to forecast.

Nevertheless, a considerable day-trading industry has blossomed predicated upon the notion that technology and low commissions have simplified the task of catching that next point.

There's just one catch: it can't be done. A report from the Day Trading Project Group of the North American Securities Administrators Association showed conclusively last week that the majority of people attempting to day-trade professionally lose "everything they invest." Does this sound similar to casino gambling? It is. Both involve bets on random moves that come with heavy tariffs and that ensure it's a rare gambler who can beat the house over time.

The media do a disservice to those who devote time and energy enough to research and pick stocks themselves to castigate them as gamblers. These are precisely the people who have racked up the best returns in this bull market. And we lend too much of a veneer of professionalism to those who would gamble away life savings on random, short-term moves. Let's stop confusing these two contingents before we scare those who have the confidence and skills to be their own adviser and embolden those who should know better than to bet instead of invest. ■

Cramer runs a hedge fund and writes for *theStreet.com*. He is long Cisco, Microsoft and Intel. This column should not be construed as advice to buy or sell stocks

PHONE WARS Last week MCI joined Sprint and Qwest in offering 54-a-minute calling rates, and market leader AT&T may follow suit. Meanwhile, Qwest announced unlimited Internet access and 250 minutes of long-distance calls for \$24.95 a month. One caution: Carriers may slip in new fees or hijack your local toll-call service. Read your bill carefully.

Long-distance rates

Company	Rate	Monthly fee
MCI	34 nights and weekends, 10¢ days	\$4.95
AT&T	100 days and nights, 5¢ Sundays	4.98
Sprint	54¢ nights, 10¢ days	5.95
Qwest	54¢ around the clock	14.95

CUT-RATE MORTGAGE With mortgage rates now topping 8%, potential homebuyers might consider the unconventional: a 30-year loan with an adjustable rate that can only go down. Two lenders, www.servicesavers.com and, in Western states, www.cityline mortgage.com, will notify you when prevailing rates drop as little as a quarter to half a point and will automatically refinance your mortgage. Sticking with the same company means you pay no hefty closing costs. You shell




out for the new title at City Line and pay zip at Service Savers. To qualify, you need to make timely mortgage payments.

401(K) FUTURES Worried your nest egg won't be big enough? A free online service will forecast the long-term value of your 401(k). After years of consulting for big pension funds, Nobel-prizewinning economist Bill Sharpe packaged his simulation software into the easy-to-use www.financialengines.com. If you want to pay \$14.95 a quarter, the service will advise you on how to improve your asset allocation. Compare its forecasts with ones from www.fplanadvisors.com, which uses historical data to evaluate all your assets.

—By Julie Rawe





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Christine Gorman

Sick and Tired?

Sure, life is hectic. But fatigue can signal a treatable illness. Here's what to watch for

YOU KNOW YOU'RE EXHAUSTED WHEN YOU PUT THE newspaper in the refrigerator and pour orange juice in your cereal, as I did once after a series of trying late-night deadlines. But sometimes being tired means there's something wrong with your body, not just your schedule. Three months after a friend of mine noticed she could no longer keep up with her husband on their morning walk, she was diagnosed with colon cancer. "I was lucky," she says. Her doctors removed the tumor, and 12 years later she is still free of

cancer. "I realize now that the fatigue was the first sign that something was wrong," she says.

It's not only cancer that can be at the root of fatigue. The sense that you're run down all the time can signal a host of undetected ailments, from gum disease and sinus infection to anemia and multiple sclerosis. Not every ailment can be cured, but many can be treated.

The problem is, most of us don't take fatigue seriously enough to do anything more than complain about it to each other. Or we worry, sometimes with reason, that if the source of our malaise isn't obvious after a few blood tests, our physicians will consider us hypochondriacs and malingerers. One survey found that 25% of patients in doctors' offices were so tired that their condition interfered with their normal activities but that only half of them actually talked to their physician about it.

In an effort to alert people to the risk of ignoring unexplained fatigue, the American College of Physicians-American Society of Internal Medicine is launching an educational campaign this week that will highlight three of the more common medical causes: thyroid disorders, depression and sleep apnea (a condition often characterized by snoring). "Baby boomers especially want to blame everything on their environment—their jobs, their kids, the stress of living in the '90s," says Dr. Sandra Adamson Fryhofer, who has just been elected president of the organization. But, she adds, you have to be alert to other possibilities as well, particularly after age 40.



Although your situation may differ, here are some general signs that you're not just tired but sick too:

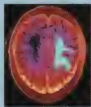
- ▶ Your exhaustion comes on suddenly and persists over a few weeks or months.
- ▶ You're worn out for no apparent reason for two or more weeks and have trouble keeping up your usual routine.
- ▶ Commonsense remedies, such as getting more sleep, going on vacation or cutting back on alcohol and caffeine, don't make you feel any better.

Most important, you need to find a medical professional who has the time and inclination to get to the bottom of your problem. "Fatigue is so common, many doctors treat it like background noise," says Dr. Benjamin Natelson, a neurosciences expert at the University of Medicine and Dentistry-New Jersey Medical School, in Newark, N.J., and the author of *Facing and Fighting Fatigue* (Yale University Press, \$15.95). But even if your physician can't pinpoint a specific reason for your fatigue, there are ways to manage it. For instance, Natelson has found, somewhat to his surprise, that gentle conditioning exercises such as tai chi help some of his patients with chronic-fatigue syndrome. Similar results have been reported for folks being treated for cancer and long-term hepatitis infections. So don't assume fatigue is normal. You might be giving up your best chance for finding relief. ■

For more Web resources on fatigue and illness, visit time.com/personal. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

G.P. REDUX? Just when it seemed that general practitioners were being the way of Marcus Welby, the tide of medical specialization may be turning, at least in California. A survey of medical schools for the years 1993-98 found that graduates entering primary-care residencies rose, from 45% to 54%. An encouraging sign, but don't expect doctors to start making house calls again.



PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE It's a cruel but common outcome: a patient with lung cancer appears to be in complete remission, but then dies when

the disease spreads to the brain. Prophylactic radiation of the skull has been used for years in hopes of preventing or delaying the onset of brain tumors, but its effectiveness was uncertain. A new analysis concludes that the therapy does bestow a small but significant survival advantage.

BAD NEWS

UNLUCKY STROKES

Though the benefits of heart surgery clearly outweigh the risks for most patients, a stroke during or after such an operation can be a devastating complication for some people. Being female or diabetic, for example, triples the risk of stroke. At highest risk, however, are those patients who have had a stroke prior to heart surgery; for them, the chances that another stroke will occur rise 14-fold.

NEEDLESS SNEEZES

Allergies affect nearly 40% of all Americans—twice as many as usually estimated—and millions of them suffer needlessly or rely on medications they'd rather not take.



According to a new survey, that's because two-thirds of them are unaware of other treatment options, like allergy shots, which are considered both safe and effective.

—By David Bjorklie

Sources—Good News: Archives of Surgery (6/99), New England Journal of Medicine (5/27/99), Self News: Circulation (5/20/99), American College of Allergy, Asthma & Immunology

HEALTHY CHOICE

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WE PUT THE
GOOD STUFF IN.
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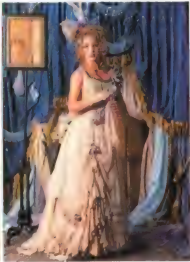
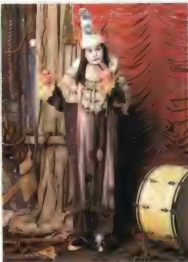
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Like our new

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For us, that's what eating
healthy is all about.





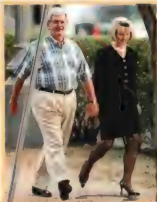
TOREADOR, NOW GUARD MTV

Many MTV viewers probably don't know their Puccini from their Plutarch, but as the cable network's video music awards, with Chris Rock as host, will be held at New York City's Metropolitan Opera House on Sept. 9, several artists were invited to get with the venue. **JANET JACKSON** reigns as Cleopatra from Handel's

Giulio Cesare, **OZZIE OSBOURNE** plays the sad clown from Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, and teen queen **BRITNEY SPEARS** blooms as Violetta from Verdi's *La Traviata*. Photographer Mark Seliger says the opera music played during the shoots was tolerated to varying degrees. "It didn't last too long with Eminem, and David Bowie wanted me to turn the music down," he said. "Janet really liked it, but I don't think Ozzy even knew there was music playing."

Hey, Hey! Where's The Monkey?

There is strong evidence (*A Night at the Roxbury* and *It's Pat, The Movie*) to suggest that what is mildly amusing as a four-minute skit on *Saturday Night Live* is needlessly painful as a 90-minute movie. Nevertheless, it was announced last week that **MIKE MYERS** will get \$20 million to write and star in *Sprockets*, a feature film based on the forbiddingly avant-garde German talk-show host Dieter that he played on *SNL*. Of course, Myers will have some backup. Reportedly, one version of the script for *Sprockets* had a role for *Baywatch* mastermind David Hasselhoff as a villain who, on tour in Germany, kidnaps Dieter's monkey.



MONICA? CALLISTA ON LINE TWO

Many of the those who opposed President Clinton in his impeachment hearings seemed to want to come off as choirboys. So it is only fitting that one of his most ardent adversaries has found himself a choirgirl. Unfortunately, she's not his wife. Rumors have been flying that former Speaker of the House **NEWT GINGRICH**, 56, was involved with **CALLISTA BISEK**, 33, a staff member on the House Agriculture Committee and singer in a church choir, well before he filed for divorce from his second wife Marianne. (His first wife was his geometry teacher.) Now Marianne's lawyers have been granted the right to take a videotaped deposition from Bisek as part of the divorce proceedings. "Marianne is prepared to thoroughly investigate Mr. Gingrich's personal life as well as his business activities," said John C. Mayoue, Mrs. Gingrich's lawyer. Does this mean more news from Washington involving underwear? Stay tuned.



FEUD OF THE WEEK

JEAN ("I'M NOT A CRETIN") CHRETIEN
OCCUPATION: Canadian Prime Minister

BEST PUNCH: Nixed Black's bid for a seat in the British House of Lords with a 1919 document asking U.K. monarchs not to confer titles on Canadians

CONRAD ("IN THE") BLACK
OCCUPATION: Canadian media mogul

BEST PUNCH: Sued Chretien, whom his papers have sharply criticized for years, for \$16,000, citing among other things "abuse of public office"



THE WINNER: Black, who distracted Chretien from pressing issues like Quebec and the Blue Jays



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John F. Stacks

Is Nothing Private?

Candidate Bush is trying to avoid questions about drugs. Good luck

WHEN IT WAS REPORTED THAT SENATE MINORITY Leader Tom Daschle told a gaggle of Washington reporters he thought George W. Bush had the right to refuse to answer questions about his long-past personal behavior, including inquiries about whether he ever used cocaine, the cheers went up. "Right, just leave him alone. Who cares what he did when he was young?" Or, from the Governor's boomer cohort: "Who didn't try drugs back then?"

It's easy to understand the forgiving impulse of the Governor's contemporaries, who themselves don't want to be permanently disqualified. And it's not hard to comprehend a national disinclination, post-Monica, to paw over the dark moments of yet another politician's life. The problem is that using cocaine, unlike having a bit of sport with the ladies, is illegal, and the country has decided to dole out harsh prison sentences to many people caught with the drug.

America survived and prospered for a couple of centuries without knowing absolutely everything about its Presidents. Full disclosure was prevented both by the discretion of the perpetrators and by a fairly rigid sense of restraint on the part of the Establishment press. For example, when James B. ("Scotty") Reston, the Washington bureau chief of the New York Times, found out that one of his reporters was looking into rumors that John Kennedy had been married to another woman before Jackie, he stopped the investigation. Said Reston: "I will not have the New York Times muckraking the President of the United States."

Before Washington journalism turned into blood sport and politics turned into an exercise in serial lying, there was a fairly firm understanding by the press that personal failings were none of the public's business unless misbehavior affected the performance of public duties. Because there was so little competition, the press barons could enforce those rules. No more.

Yet there is a national longing to return to the good old days when political news was more about issues and policies, and less about private lives. Could there be a set of guidelines governing both press coverage and the terms of political engagement? How about a statute of limitations for past misdeeds? Maybe any act committed before the age of majority should be off limits. Or could misbehavior that violates no laws and harms

no other person be declared out of bounds for scrutiny?

This all sounds reasonable enough, but it's hard to imagine that some parts of the press wouldn't continue to ask the questions and that some parts of the media wouldn't rush to report the answers, believable or not. Soon it would be everywhere. The rationale for probing has only grown easier in this post-ideological period, since so many politicians are essentially saying "Elect me because I'm the better person." Is there not then a compelling need to know just how good a person that politician is? Is he or she a hypocrite?

Which brings us back to George W. Bush. Surely few care that he may have had a wild youth, if that means he dated many women or drank too much from time to time. But what about the illegal use of cocaine? Tens of thousands of Americans are serving mandatory jail sentences for having been caught with cocaine or its variant, crack. If Bush did try cocaine, how does that square with his support of Texas legislation putting those caught with less than a gram of the drug in jail?

A young man asked Bush during a campaign event in Iowa recently whether the candidate had used cocaine. Bush said he wasn't answering that sort of question. The questioner then asked whether candidates should be disqualified if such use occurred. Bush said no, "if they've learned their lesson." O.K., but what about the people in jail who may have learned their lessons?

There may be only two practical ways to deal with the question of privacy for candidates, and neither relies on the self-restraint of the press, since that is a forlorn hope. The first is the "let it all hang out" approach, in which the candidate answers every question, truthfully, and relies on the good sense of the people to weigh the importance of what is disclosed. There is good reason to believe, post-Clinton,

that we have arrived at a time in which the public can sort out what's important and what is merely embarrassing. Do most candidates have that sort of trust in the American people? Bill Clinton certainly didn't, devising an impressively precise series of half-admissions that allowed him to get elected twice.

The second approach is to say nothing about the sins of the past, and to let the public decide whether the stonewall is covering up some egregious mistake or is rather a healthy assertion of political privacy. This seems to be George W. Bush's current strategy, at least on this question. He has been quick to deny any marital infidelity and to admit earlier excessive drinking. It might be nice to think that a politician can decide where to draw the line on political privacy, but Bush is being naive if he thinks his silence will stop the questions.



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